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[SOME INTERESTING
BOSTON EVENTS]



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F O R E W O R D

It has been the aim of the State Street Trust Company to select for this the tenth pamphlet in its series, historical events associated with Massachusetts, particularly Boston, and at the same time to choose events of a varied nature in order to interest as many readers as possible. Certain of the better known subjects have been purposely omitted, as it was thought that a selection of somewhat less known, though perhaps equally important, events would prove of greater interest.

For assistance in preparing the present pamphlet the Trust Company desires to give credit first of all to the officers of this Company; then to the late Governor, Curtis Guild, for valuable suggestions as to the subject-matter; also to Mr. Samuel Morison for other suggestions; to Mr. Otto Fleischner, of the Boston Public Library, for valuable assistance in the selection of reference books; to Mr. C. K. Bolton, of the Boston Athenæum, and Mr. Charles F. Read, of the Bostonian Society; to Mr. P. K. Foley and Mr. C. E. Goodspeed for assistance covering certain pictures and references.

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F O R E W O R D

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AN ENGLISH CARICATURE ENTITLED "BOSTONIANS IN DISTRESS,"
NOVEMBER 19, 1774.

The Yankees are shown as prisoners in a cage on Liberty Tree and are being fed with codfish. The print is dated 1774. It may be seen on the walls of the State Street Trust Company.

Some Interesting Boston Events

THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT IN BOSTON HARBOUR

TO Sir Ferdinando Gorges and his son Robert belongs the credit for the establishment in 1623 of the first enduring settlement in Boston Harbour, at Wessagusset, now Weymouth, at a point on Phillips Creek, above the present Fore River Bridge. The Norsemen ventured near our coast over six hundred years before; the Cabots from Spain, backed by the English, had explored our New England ports; Captain John Smith had actually entered Boston Harbour and made a map, and Myles Standish visited the Indian camps along the Mystic River. Even as late as 1622 an expedition sent out by Thomas Weston had established a trading post at Wessagusset, which was abandoned in a short time.

Ferdinando Gorges, who was a great friend of Sir Walter Raleigh and enjoyed the confidence of King James to such a degree that that monarch appointed him Governor of Plymouth, England, had for years dreamed of a colony in the new world. His ambition was to establish a principality of a permanent character. For sixteen years he struggled and pleaded his cause before King and courtiers and made fruitless attempts at starting settlements on the Maine Coast. He had been given the title "Lord of Maine." When, in 1623, his son Robert returned from the Venetian wars he felt that the opportunity for favorable action had arrived, and accordingly the first meeting of the "Council of New England"—which had been granted a patent by the Crown in 1620 and was composed of forty persons—was held at Greenwich, England, on June 29. Among those attending the meeting were the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Richmond and a number of other notable peers. The territory covered by the patent lay on the northeast side of Boston Bay with a sea front of ten straight miles, including all the islands within a league of the shore, and extending thirty miles into the interior.

As a result of this meeting an expedition set out in the midsummer of 1623 under the leadership of Robert Gorges as Governor General. It was made up of mechanics, farmers and traders, as well as gentlemen and divines. A landing was made in September at Wessagusset, where use was made of the block house and other buildings erected by Weston the year before.

Robert Gorges, who was not a strong character, but a man of a somewhat vainglorious disposition, involved himself in quarrels with his neighbors, especially his predecessor, Weston, whom he proposed to punish for various trading misdemeanors. He even caused Weston's arrest and detention as a prisoner until the spring of the following year. The winter was a terrible surprise in its rigor. As Adams says: "They had come to enjoy the pleasures of the wilder-

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ness. Locked in a desert of ice and snow,—inhabiting a log hut on the edge of a salt marsh, with a howling, unexplored forest behind and around them,—well might they, with the mercury at zero, ask themselves ‘Where was that moderate temper of the air, where those silent streams of a calm sea’ which Smith had pictured? Young men accustomed to the soft winter climate of Devon were exposed to the blasts of Greenland. Where, too, was the ‘fouling and fishing?’ The waters were covered with ice and the woods were impassable with snow. So Robert Gorges got through the long winter as best he could, heartily wishing himself back again in the Venetian service, or even the dreary tedium of Plymouth.”

In the early spring word came from Sir Ferdinando Gorges that there were no further funds available for the colony, and inasmuch, to quote Bradford, as Gorges had not found “the state of things hear to answer his qualitie and condition” he was only too ready to give up his share in the expedition and return to England, after, as Bradford again says, “having scarcely saluted the cuntrie in his governmente.” The settlement, however, was never abandoned.

An amusing story, about the authenticity of which there may be some question, is told in connection with the early days of this colony. The settlers had stolen a good deal of corn from the Indians, and one of them was at last caught. The Indians demanded that he should be executed, but were willing to allow the whites to act as his executioner. Strong men were not very plentiful in the settlement, so, after thinking matters over, the colonists concluded that it would be a pity to kill one of the best men they had when they could take an old and impotent member of the colony. They therefore decided to take off the clothes of the man who committed the robbery and put them on another, “to let this sick person be hung in the other’s steade.” By persuasion they got the innocent man “bound fast in jest and then hung him up hard by in good earnest.” An old poem commemorates this incident in the following words:—

“Resolved to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hogun Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.”

REV. WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, THE FIRST SETTLER OF BOSTON, RIDING ON HIS BRINDLED BULL

“Old Shawmut’s pioneer
The Parson on his brindled Bull.”

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

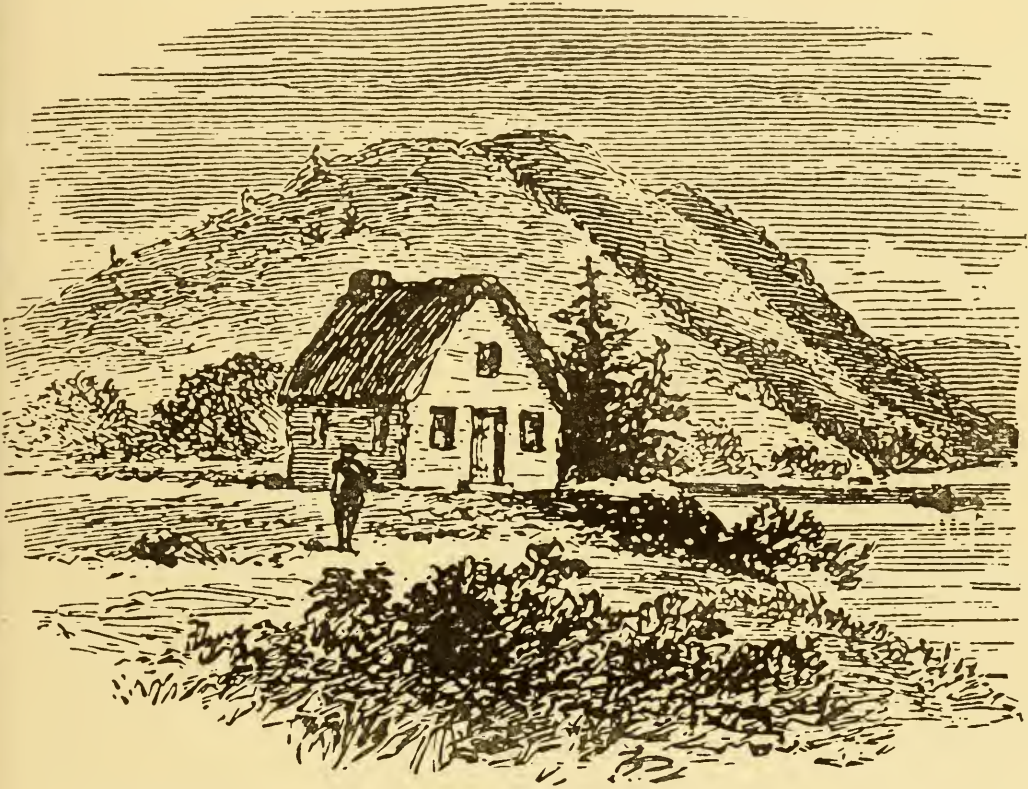
It is rather difficult to imagine the Rev. Mr. Blackstone galloping by moonlight along the sands of a cove, which is now part of Charles Street, on his mouse-colored bull; nevertheless such is the picture which Motley gives of him in his “Merry Mount.”

The first settler of Boston, William Blaxton (now spelled Blackstone), often alluded to as the Hermit of Shawmut, is supposed to have brought this bull from England and to have trained him to the saddle. During his rides he was wont to distribute “Blackstone” apples or

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"sweetings" to both children and grown-ups. His orchard, situated on a part of the Common near what is now Louisburg Square, was the first one to cultivate this fruit in New England.

Blackstone, a man of much culture and many eccentricities, had come over either with Robert Gorges in 1623 or with Captain Wollaston in 1625, and about the latter year he took up his lonely abode on Shawmut peninsula. He lived in a hut near an excellent spring on that part of Beacon Hill which overlooked the Charles River, a point later known as Blackstone Point, and now corresponding to the corner of Beacon and Spruce Streets. He is described as being "a solitary, bookish recluse, about thirty-five years of age, somewhat above middle



Blackstone's house, near Beacon and Walnut Streets, at the foot of Beacon Hill

height, slender in form, with a pale, thoughtful face, wearing a confused, dark-colored, 'canonical coate,' with broad rimmed hat strung with shells like an ancient palmer, and slouched back from his pensive brow, around which his prematurely gray hair fell in heavy curls far down his neck. He had a wallet at his side, a hammer in his girdle, a long staff in his hand."

Blackstone came to New England for peace and quiet and steadfastly refused to embroil himself in the religious controversies of the time, so much so that Cotton Mather in his "Magnalia" wrote of him, "he would never join himself to any of our churches, giving as his reason, 'I came from England because I did not like the Lord Bishops; I can't join with you because I would not be under the Lord Brethren.'" On the whole, however, he dwelt in amity with these intolerant religionists.

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He was not long to remain undisturbed, for in 1630 when Governor Winthrop and his followers moved from Charlestown—really following a generous invitation from Blackstone himself—we find the hermit saying, “I looked to have dwelt with my orchards, and my books, and my young fawn, and my bull, in undisturbed solitude. Was there not room enough for all of ye? Could ye not leave the hermit in his corner?”

In 1634 Blackstone sold forty-four of his fifty acres to Governor Winthrop for £30, the money being raised by a tax levied on the inhabitants. He retained his house and remaining six acres for himself. This six acre lot was later owned by Copley, the painter. The forty-four acres purchased by Governor Winthrop were laid out for a training field, which is now our Common.

In 1635 the place became too crowded for the parson, so he moved to a farm at Rehoboth, in Rhode Island. It is generally admitted to-day that he, and not Roger Williams, was the first white inhabitant of Rhode Island. In his new home he cultivated his seven hundred acre estate, and rode about on his bull, preaching the gospel occasionally. He was married by Governor Endicott in Boston in 1635 to Mistress Sarah, widow of John Stevenson, with whom he lived many years in happiness. Finally, on May 26, 1675, he died at the ripe age of eighty. Roger Williams, his neighbor, records his death as follows: “About a fortnight since your old acquaintance, Mr. Blackstone, departed this life in the fourscore year of his life; four days before his death he had a great pain in his breast and back, and bowels, afterward he said he was well, had no paines and should live, but he grew fainter and yielded his breath without a groan.”

His library comprised one hundred and sixty volumes, and ten manuscripts which were valued in the inventory of his estate at six pence each, or five shillings for the lot. Within one month of his death King Philip's War broke out, and up in smoke went his library, with these ten precious paper volumes which undoubtedly contained the written records of the beginnings of Boston.

Among the reminders of Blackstone to-day, inasmuch as they bear his name, are the river, the valley, a town in Massachusetts and a busy street in Boston.

He was certainly a singular character and was fittingly described by his namesake, Sir William Blackstone, the English lawyer, who said,—

“As by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam,
An endless exile from his home.”

SOME OF THE EARLY PUNISHMENTS

It was customary in the early days of the Colony to punish people by degrading them in public by exposure in stocks, bilboes, the pillory, the brank or the ducking stool, rather than by imprisonment or fines, and the usual places for such punishment were in the market squares or in front of the meeting-houses.

The bilboes, which were often used in Boston to “punyssche trans-

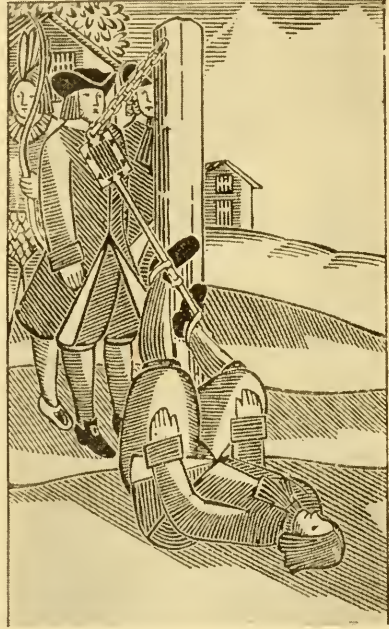
SOME INTERESTING BOSTON EVENTS

gressours ageynste ye Kinges Maiesties lawes," consisted of a long, heavy iron bar with two sliding shackles, like handcuffs, for the legs. This bar was fastened to the top of a post, and the offender had to lie on his back on the ground with his feet in the air. The instrument derived its name from Bilboa where it was believed many were made and shipped on the Spanish Armada to shackle the English prisoners when captured!

The earliest record we have in Boston of the bilboes was in 1632 when the entry says that "James Woodward shall be sett in the bilbowes for being drunk at the Newetowne," now Cambridge. The following year Thomas Dexter was likewise punished for "prophane saying dam ye come." Thomas Morton of Merry Mount was also sentenced to be "clapt into the bilbowes." In 1639 Edward Palmer, a Boston carpenter, made a pair of stocks, and, as most people know, he was the first person to be placed in them, "for his extortion in taking £1, 13/ 7d. for the plank and woodwork." He was "censured to bee sett an houre in the stocks." On many occasions did they perform service in the colony, being chiefly used to take care of drunkards who couldn't handle their legs properly. Each town was obliged to have its stocks, and in 1639 Dedham was fined for not having a pair.

The most interesting and ignoble of all the instruments of punishment was the ducking stool, which was used especially as a cure for scolding women, "chyderers" and wife beaters; also it was used to punish brewers of bad beer and bakers of poor bread; it was also supposed to stop all quarrelling between married couples, after they had been ducked several times while tied back to back. The culprit was plunged in as often as the sentence directed, and it has been related how quickly a bath, especially in cold water, would change a person's point of view. A few lines from a poem entitled "The Ducking Stool" are amusing:—

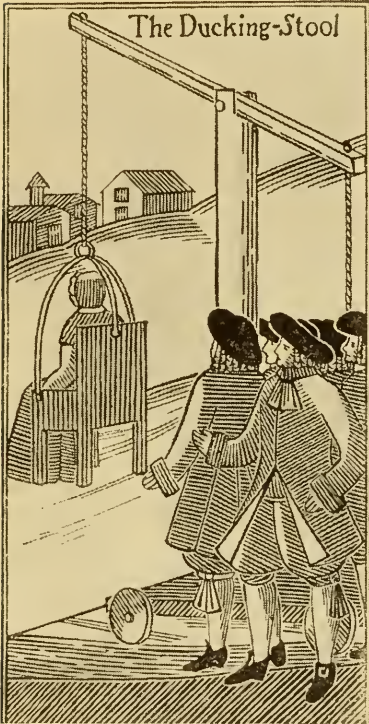
"If noisy dames should once begin
To drive the house with horrid din,
Away, you cry, you'll grace the stool;
We'll teach you how your tongue to rule.
Down in the deep the stool descends,
But here, at first, we miss our ends;
She mounts again and rages more
Than ever vixen did before.
If so, my friend, pray let her take
A second turn into the lake,
And, rather than your patience lose,
Thrice and again repeat the dose,
No brawling wives, no furious wenches,
No fire so hot but water quenches."



THE BILBOES.

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Massachusetts had no "ducking stool" until fifty years or so after the first settlement, when we find that Governor Bellingham had a law passed that "persons convicted of rayling or scolding shalbe



gagged or sett in a ducking stoole and dipt over head and eares three times in some convenient place of fresh or salt water." John Dunton, who wrote about Boston in 1686, said that "Scolds they gag and set them at their own doors . . . for all comers and goers to gaze at, . . . to cure the noise that is in many Women's heads."

The pillory, or "stretch-neck" as it is often called, was much used in Massachusetts until 1803, and it was a very common occurrence to see the helpless culprits exposed to the jeers of the passers-by, who often added to their insults by throwing rotten eggs and even garbage.

The whipping post "for fools' backs" was the punishment inflicted for lying, swearing, perjury, drunkenness, selling rum to the Indians, "for repeated sleeping on the Lord's Day," and slander. A sentence was usually forty stripes, and often the Court decreed that the offender should be whipped in two cities, usually some distance apart, so that at the second whipping the culprit's back would have stiffened and would therefore hurt the more. The most conspicuous whipping post was on State Street, then King Street; there was also one on Queen Street, as well as on the Common.

A customary form of punishment in the Colony was to tie round the offender's neck a placard upon which was marked the initial descriptive of the crime, such as "B" for uttering blasphemous words, "V" for viciousness, "R" for rogue, "D" for drunkenness, etc. The culprit was also often exhibited to public view in a cage, in the stocks, in the pillory, or on the gallows.

The brank, or gossip's bridle, was used in a mild form in Massachusetts, being called a cleft stick, and there are numerous cases mentioned of persons having been subjected to this punishment for "swearinge or railinge." Public penance was another form of punishment, the guilty person, wrapped in white, being obliged to sit on a stool "in the middle alley" of the meeting-house to make public acknowledgment of some small crime against the strict laws of the day. Burglary and some other crimes were punished in all the colonies by branding.

The wooden horse was a punishment reserved especially for soldiers, and on one occasion we find Paul Revere as presiding officer ordering a Continental soldier to "ride the Wooden Horse for a quarter of an hower with a musket on each foot." In Governor Winthrop's day delinquent soldiers were sentenced to carry pieces of turf to the Fort, while others were chained to a wheelbarrow and made to work. A de-

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serter at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill was tied on a horse with his face towards the horse's tail and led around the camp. During the Civil War another soldier was condemned to get inside a barrel, which was then tied to his neck so that he could walk around without its touching the ground.

The laws in regard to Quakers are too numerous to enumerate. One of the laws passed in Massachusetts in 1657 was as follows: "A Quaker, if male, for the first offense shall have one of his eares cutt off; for the second offense have his other eare cutt off; a woman shalbe severely whipt; for the third offense, they, he or she, shall have their tongues bored through with a hot iron." There were also some other very curious punishments. Often an offender was ordered to sit on the gallows or to walk around the town with a rope around his neck. In Boston a man was once fined and imprisoned for endeavoring to spread the smallpox. In 1652 another was fined for excess of apparel "in bootes, rebonds, Gould and silver lace." In Salem, in Governor Endicott's time, a Puritan was penalized for wearing too long hair,—long hair being considered at this time "bushes of vanity." Kissing in the street was an offence punishable by a fine or whipping, and it is related that a husband who had just returned from a long voyage happened to meet his wife in the street and kissed her. He was discovered, and when fined was so angry that he swore he would never kiss her again. There was a Bostonian who purchased a horse from a countryman and gave in exchange a note payable on the "Day of the Resurrection." The amount of the fine is not mentioned. One of the Plymouth Laws of 1638 forbade a man from proposing marriage before obtaining consent of one of the parents. The penalty for counterfeiting bills was very severe, and the Continental bills all bore this inscription: "To counterfeit this bill is Death." Another curious punishment of the very early days was to call a man by his first name instead of "Mr." In 1643 a Salem man called Scott was whipped "for repeated sleeping in meeting on the Lord's Day, and for striking the person who waked him." In 1786 four convicts were ordered to the Castle to make nails. A notice in one of the Boston papers gave a list of the heads of families who would have to spend Christmas in jail on account of debt, giving after each the amount owed. A postscript at the bottom asks, "Who among the opulent is willing to restore a father to his family and Christmas Fire Side?" Sometimes debtors were allowed the "Limits of the jail," or in other words, they couldn't go more than a specified distance away. At one time it was believed there was a Tread-Mill at the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown. There was a law in 1639 that no ladies' garments "shall be made with short sleeves whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing thereby." Another curious record, a few years later, shows us that Robert Saltonstall was fined 5s. for presenting his petition "on so small and bad a piece of paper."

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THE BEACON

The Beacon was erected under an order of the General Court in 1635 on one of Boston's three hills, which was called by the early settlers "Tramount," as it was composed of a group of three small hills. The elevation, or mountain as it was called, was used as a lookout, and the name was changed to Centry or Sentry Hill, and when the Beacon was set up it was known by its present name of Beacon Hill. Its object was "to give notice to the country of any danger, and that there shalbe a ward of one person kept there from the first of April to the last of September, and that upon the discov'ry of any danger the beacon shalbe fired, an allarum given, as also messengers presently sent by that towne where the danger is discov'ed, to all other townes within their jurisdiccon."

The Beacon was intended to give warning of attacks by foreign countries by sea, or by Indians on land. There was, however, little trouble with the aborigines in Boston, and one writer states that it is more than likely that the settlers annoyed the Indians as much as the Indians did the settlers. The Indians frequently complained that their crops were injured by cows belonging to the English. The Beacon, however, was made use of on several occasions. In 1689, at the time of the uprising against Governor Andros, a flag was hauled up on the pole as a signal to the soldiers at Charlestown that the controversy was soon to be ended, the Governor having agreed to surrender. Some years later, in 1768, an English officer arrived from Halifax, and the people quite naturally thought that his visit signified the arrival of more troops. They, therefore, placed a tar barrel in the pot on the Beacon to be lit when the King's ships arrived. Governor Barnard believed this to be an insult to his military capacity, and his Council ordered the Selectmen to remove the barrel, but they refused to act. The Governor, therefore, ordered Sheriff Greenleaf to take it down, which he succeeded in doing stealthily during dinner time. The battles of Lexington and Concord, the burning of Charlestown, and the battle of Bunker Hill were watched by the friends of both sides, who were huddled together on the six rods of land at the summit of the hill.

The hill upon which the Beacon was erected was sixty feet higher than it is now and was situated inside of the present State House grounds and almost directly in line with Park Street (then called Centry Street), which was laid out in 1640. Temple Street ran over the summit from the westerly side. The Beacon was reached by wooden steps and, on nearing the top, by steps dug in the ground. The boys of the South End and North End of the town used to battle for the supremacy of the hill-top, and another favorite pastime for the younger generation was to bat a ball up and down the hill, which was more difficult than it looked, owing to the steepness of the hill. Cows were pastured part of the way up the incline.

The Beacon was a tall pole, with cross sticks to be used in its ascent, and projecting from one side near the top it had an iron crane supporting an iron pot, for the reception of tar or some other combustible. It was replaced in 1768 "without the consent" of Governor

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Barnard, taken down by General Howe in 1775 and another pole set up the following year nearly in the centre of the British fort which had been built on the top of the hill. This beacon was blown down by a storm in 1789, and in the following year a monument was erected by a number of the inhabitants from the design of Charles Bulfinch, then a Selectman of the town, "to commemorate the train of events which led to the American Revolution and finally secured Liberty and Independence to the United States." It was a plain Doric column about sixty feet high, surmounted by a large eagle, the effigy of which is now over the President's chair in the Senate Chamber. This was the first public monument erected to commemorate the



The Monument on Beacon Hill, from Bowdoin Place, showing the Thurston house as it appeared in 1811. At one time the hill was so steep in front of this house that it was necessary to hoist up all the wood and provisions. From an old print in the collection of the State Street Trust Company.

events of our Revolution. Several things contributed to its fate. To begin with, Thomas Hodson, in 1764, dug out so much of the hill belonging to him that there was danger that the structure would tumble down; then, in 1795, the building of the new State House by Governor Hancock necessitated encroachment on another part of it. A few years later the Mill-Pond Corporation obtained from the town the right to use still more gravel, and, in 1811, the town sold the land on which the monument stood to John Hancock and Samuel Spear. The hill was then completely removed and used as filling, and the column was destroyed, much to the disgust of most of the inhabitants, who wished to keep this old relic intact. The four slate tablets containing the inscriptions of the events connected with our Revolutionary War, from the Stamp Act, in 1765, to the inaugural of Washington as President, in 1789, were preserved in

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the State House. When the Bunker Hill Monument Association in 1899 presented to the Commonwealth an exact duplicate of the original column, these tablets were built into the monument, which stands on the same spot where stood its predecessor, opposite the end of Ashburton Place, only about sixty feet lower. The Committee of the Association originally consisted of William W. Wheildon, Robert C. Winthrop, F. W. Lincoln, Jr., Winslow Lewis and J. Huntington Wolcott.

There were only a few houses on Beacon Street in the early days, and the following anecdote shows clearly this fact. Mrs. Dr. John Joy was an invalid, and upon consultation with a physician he suggested that she move out of town "to Beacon Street," and she was frequently asked how she happened to go so far away.

There is a piece of poetry which speaks of the Beacon and which is quite interesting in view of the fact that not long after the words appeared the monument was erected to immortalize the victory of the Yankees. The lines are:—

"As for their King, John Hancock
And Adams, if they're taken,
Their heads for signs shall hang up high
Upon that hill call'd Beacon."

Robert Turner, a shoemaker, was the first owner of Beacon Hill, and later on it came into the possession of the Hancocks, who sold to the town the land upon which the State House now stands.

MRS. SHERMAN'S PIG

Although of seemingly small importance Mrs. Sherman's lost sow has come down in history, owing to the fact that the many lawsuits to which she gave rise finally resulted in changing part of the constitution of the Colony. Governor Winthrop records in his journal: "There fell out a great business upon a very small occasion. Around 1636 there was a stray sow in Boston, which was brought to Captain Keayne; he had it cried divers times and divers came to see it but none made claim to it for near a year. He kept it in his yard with a sow of his own." Finally Keayne, who, it will be remembered, left in his will a fund to assist the town in building the Old State House, killed his own pig. Soon afterwards Mrs. Sherman called, declared that the live pig was not hers, and accused Keayne of having killed her animal. The case was brought before the Elders, and Keayne was acquitted. Mrs. Sherman then carried the case to court, her friend, George Story, a merchant of London, acting as her attorney. The Captain was again cleared, and the jury awarded him \$3 for costs, and he in turn sued his two accusers, recovering \$20 from each one. This trivial matter now assumed the aspect of a political question between the aristocratic and democratic classes and occupied a prominent place in court for a year. Story again brought suit, but there was a disagreement among the magistrates and deputies, especially as regards the "Negative Vote." Magistrate Richard Saltonstall took part in the trial and sided with the people. The final result was

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that in 1644 the "Assistants" or Magistrates of the Company and the Deputies, now called respectively Senators and Representatives, were divided into two co-ordinate branches, and each body could veto the proceedings of the other. A public speaker not long ago remarked that "Mrs. Sherman's pig was the origin of the present Senate" and that "he hoped the members of it would not disgrace their progenitor."

Robert Keayne, besides being the chief donor of the State House, was also Captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. He lived on the south corner of Washington and State Streets.

SOME EARLY RULES OF HARVARD COLLEGE

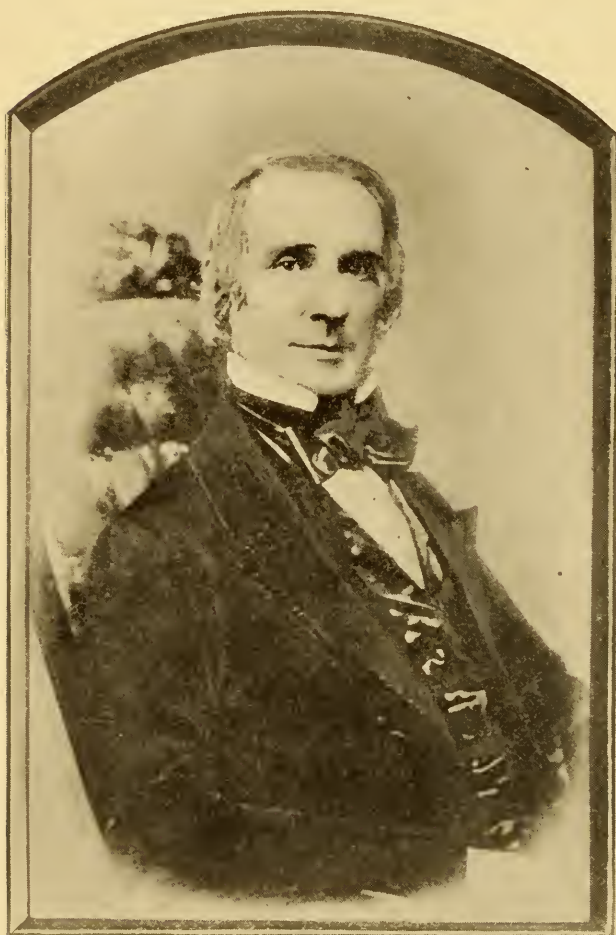
Some of Harvard's old regulations would not please very much the undergraduate or the graduate of to-day. President Dunster's rules, which were printed in Latin, were formulated in 1642 and continued in force until about 1734. No student was admitted until he was able to read, write and speak Latin perfectly, and he must also have an excellent knowledge of Greek, and during his college course he was never allowed to use his mother tongue except in certain public exercises of oratory. As Harvard was primarily a Ministers' college, every one had to read the Scriptures twice a day and was obliged to attend Chapel also twice a day, at six o'clock in the morning during the summer months, and half an hour before sunrise in the winter, and again in the evening. No scholar could buy, sell or exchange anything over six pence in value without permission of his parents, guardians, or tutors, and he received severe admonition if he were absent from prayers or lectures even once during the week. Another curious rule was that "every scholar shall be called by his surname only, till he be invested with his first degree, except he be a fellow commoner or knight's eldest son, or of superior nobility." In order to receive his first degree a student had to be able to translate the Old and New Testaments into Latin, and all his acts must have received the approbation of the overseers. Tobacco was not allowed except by permission of the President, with consent of the parent or guardian, "and then in a sober and private manner." It was also voted that every student must be in his room by nine o'clock under penalty of a fine, and no one could go to Boston except by special permission without being subject to a five dollar penalty.

In 1656 the President and Fellows were empowered "to punish all misdemeanours—either by fine, or whipping in the hall openly, as the nature of the offense shall require, not exceeding ten shillings, or ten stripes for one offense." The flogging often took place in public, but this practice was abolished in 1734. Here are some of the early fines. Absence from prayers, 2*d.*; absence from public worship, 9*d.*, and tardiness 3*d.*; neglecting to repeat the sermon, 9*d.*; leaving town without permission, not over 2*s.* 6*d.*; going out of college without proper costume, 6*d.*; frequenting taverns, not over 1*s.* 6*d.*; playing cards or any game for money was a finable offence, as was opening doors by picklocks. Fines were also levied for keeping guns, or for using them. This system of penalties proved so annoying to the parents that it was abolished in 1761, and methods of enforcing dis-

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cipline were employed which resemble the present day "probation," "suspension," or "expulsion."

There were some "Ancient Customs" that were lived up to even more strictly than the regular laws, and some of them are most interesting and amusing. No Freshman was allowed to wear his hat in



*your birth. Even 1874,
S. Gilman*

Reproduction of a photograph of the Rev. Samuel Gilman from a picture in "Fair Harvard" room. A memorial in the form of a tower room has been erected in the Unitarian church of Charleston in his memory.

the college yard, unless it rained, snowed, or hailed, or unless he had both hands full. All Freshmen were obliged to go on any errand for any of the upper classmen at any time except during study hours, and after nine o'clock in the evening. No student was allowed to call up or down, or to or from, any of the college rooms. Another hard rule on the Freshmen was that they had to furnish bats, balls and footballs for the use of students, to be kept at the "buttery."

Towards the end of the eighteenth century candidates for admission were examined by the President and two of the tutors. All undergraduates had to keep in their rooms and follow their studies, except for half an hour after breakfast, between twelve and two o'clock, and after evening prayers until nine o'clock. The students also had to submit to one public oral examination annually, in the presence of a committee of the Corporation and Overseers, in order "to

animate the students in the pursuit of literary merit and fame, and to excite in their breasts a noble spirit of emulation." Those tests must have been even more nerve racking than the present three hour written examinations. No one was allowed to go beyond the yard without his coat, cloak or gown, and hat, nor could he go into any tavern in Cambridge without leave of the President or one of the tutors, unless he were accompanied by his father or guardian. No undergraduate could go gunning, fishing or skating over deep water without permission, nor could he attend any stage plays either as actor or spectator.

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A costume was prescribed for all undergraduates which consisted of a "coat of blue gray, with waistcoat and breeches of the same colour, or of a black, a nankeen, or an olive colour." The coats of the Freshmen had to have plain buttonholes, and the cuffs could not have any buttons on them. The Sophomores were allowed the privilege of having buttons on their cuffs. The coats of the Juniors had "cheap frogs to the button holes, except the button holes of the cuffs," and the Seniors could have "frogs" on all their buttonholes. The buttons



ROOM IN WHICH "FAIR HARVARD" WAS WRITTEN IN 1836.

This room is in the old Fay House, now occupied by Radcliffe College, Cambridge. Rev. Samuel Gilman, the author of the poem, was born in Gloucester, and when he came from his parish in Charleston, South Carolina, to visit his brother-in-law, Judge Fay, who then lived in this house, to attend the 200th anniversary of the founding of Harvard College, he wrote "Fair Harvard" to commemorate the event.

This room is in the northwest corner of the second story. In this house at one time lived Edward Everett. While it was owned by Judge Fay, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Story the sculptor, James Russell Lowell, and other famous men were guests of his here.

of all the classes had to be nearly the same colour as the coats. No garment made of silk was permitted, nor gold or silver lace, cord or edging upon hats or clothes. Another rule provided that "the tables shall be covered with clean cloths twice a week, or oftener, if judged necessary by the President and Tutors."

Commencement took place on the third Wednesday in July, and Cambridge in the early days was never so deserted during the summer as it is now. In the early eighteen hundreds Commencement Day was a State holiday, all the banks and offices in Boston being closed.

The dining-room, which used to be in University Hall, was the largest in New England, accommodating two hundred persons. It

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gained great celebrity on account of its ability to take care of so many students. The food that wasn't eaten or that couldn't be eaten was shared by a number of pigs, whose sties were near the rear of the building. The charge for board at "Commons" was \$1.75 a week, and it couldn't be expected that meat could be served at every meal. The students, therefore, frequently saved some of their meat and with a fork jammed it against the under side of the table to help out at breakfast the following morning. Board at private houses or at some of the professors' residences was three dollars, and if a student received a high mark or an honor from the tutor with whom he was boarding his other jealous classmates attributed it to undue influence. In the early days the tuition charges were frequently paid in live stock, grain, or groceries.

GOVERNOR WINTHROP TREATS WITH LATOUR AND THE SUBSEQUENT ARRIVAL OF D'AULNAY

John Winthrop had just been chosen Governor for the fourth time when Charles LaTour, one of the leaders of the French Colony of Acadia, visited Boston with the object of securing the help of the Massachusetts Colony in fighting his rival, D'Aulnay, who had his headquarters at Port Royal, New Brunswick, near LaTour's Fort, which was situated in the centre of the present city of St. John.

The Frenchman's arrival in Boston, in June, 1643, astonished the inhabitants as he sailed past the fort and dropped anchor before the townspeople realized what was happening. The soldiers had just been ordered to leave the fort a short time before, and LaTour could easily have captured the two ships-of-war in the harbour and then made trouble for the Bostonians. This fort, which was on Castle Island, was at once strengthened and manned. On his way in he chanced to meet a Mrs. Gibbons in a rowboat, and one of the sailors with LaTour recognized her and followed her to Governors Island, the home of the Winthrops. The Governor was there at the time, and he escorted LaTour to Boston, where he was given a splendid reception. The Frenchman showed his papers from the King of France and further won the Governor's confidence by attending church with him on Sunday. The visitors were granted shore leave provided they landed in small companies "that our women might not be affrighted by them," and they then paraded on the Common with the State militia. One amusing incident happened while the Frenchmen were on land; one of them saw a drunkard in the stocks and immediately went up to him and let him out, only to find himself in the stocks in short order. LaTour suggested that Governor Winthrop should grant him authority to hire four vessels to act as his escort back to his fort. The Governor granted this request, although many people in the Colony opposed his decision. The ships put to sea on July 14. Although it was agreed that LaTour should not compel his little fleet to fight, nevertheless his sudden and warlike appearance frightened D'Aulnay into retreat. LaTour found thirty volunteers, and they attacked his rival, capturing one of his ships. LaTour's wife persuaded him to make a second visit to Boston and

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implore aid, and in his absence the garrison was attacked by D'Aulnay, and all the survivors, who made a gallant defence, were taken prisoners, Madame LaTour among them. Three weeks later she died.

D'Aulnay then sent three messengers to Massachusetts to demand reparation for having rendered assistance to his enemy and asked an indemnity of £8,000. The magistrates of the Colony insisted that they only permitted LaTour to hire the ships. During their visit the messengers were shown such attention and were treated with so much ceremony that this large demand was finally reduced by agreement to "a small present in satisfaction." Some one remarked at the time that "the Government had to look as if it could pay it if it had to." A treaty was signed, and Governor Winthrop presented the Frenchmen with a sedan chair, which had just been given to him, and which the Governor declared was of no value to him! A salute of five guns from Boston, three from Charlestown and five from Castle Island sent them home quite contented and forgetful of the £8,000 demand. Several years later D'Aulnay was drowned while canoeing near Port Royal, leaving his wife to fight his old rival Charles LaTour. The latter through treachery soon captured her fort and compelled her to marry him in order to protect herself and her eight children. LaTour died much in debt and owing large sums of money to his friends in this Colony.

This controversy is also interesting as it showed very clearly that Massachusetts even at this early date took the attitude of an absolutely independent government in dealing with foreign powers.

SOME INTERESTING EVENTS ON BOSTON COMMON

The Common is owned by the people of Boston. On the day of General Sheridan's funeral, in 1888, the Mayor of Boston granted a permit to a battery of the State Militia to fire a salute on the Common. A gentleman was driving his buggy along Charles Street, and his horse became frightened by the noise and ran away, throwing out the driver and seriously injuring him. He then brought suit against the City, alleging it to be the owner of the Common, but Judge Holmes decided that the City couldn't be held liable for the reason that it had only a "technical" title and merely held the Common for the public benefit.

The people have made many uses of their property. Dr. Hale relates that the Common was used in the beginning of the nineteenth century, as a pasture for cows, as a playground for children, as a place for beating carpets, and as a training ground for the militia. In 1822 housekeepers had to give up beating their carpets, because a law was passed prohibiting it. The repeal of the privilege brought forth an amusing newspaper article entitled "The Last Shake."

In the early days the Common was the chief place for executions, and many unfortunates were presumably hanged from the branches of the "Old Elm" for murder, witchcraft, Quakerism, and even theft; but in 1812 executions on the Common were abolished. Indians and pirates have been hanged and shot, soldiers have been killed for desertion, and, during Governor Hancock's administration, a woman called Rachell Whall was strung up for stealing a bonnet worth seventy-five



BOSTON COMMON IN 1804.
From a sketch by Dobbins in possession of Mrs. J. E. Rousmaniere.

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cents. Some years previous another woman was hanged for murder. The first execution for witchcraft in Boston was that of Margaret Jones, who was accused of possessing imps. Mary Parsons was hanged a few years later, and then Mrs. Ann Hibbins, who was supposed to be a sister of Governor Bellingham, shared the same fate. It is believed her husband lost so much money that she became ugly and quarrelsome, causing her neighbors to accuse her of witchcraft. Many Quakers, including women, have met their death bravely under the "Old Elm," a graft of which is now growing near the Frog Pond. The last Quaker victim was a woman called Goody Glover, who was accused of bewitching the four children of John Goodwin.

There were many interesting rules restricting the use of the Common. People were not allowed to walk or ride a horse here on Sunday, no matter how warm the weather might be, but both were permitted on week days. After 1822 horseback riding and driving were not allowed without a permit from the Mayor and aldermen. There was also a law to prevent Sunday bathing at the foot of the Common, which brought out the following verses in the *Centinel*:—

"In superstitious days, 'tis said,
Hens laid two eggs on Monday,
Because a hen would lose her head
That laid an egg on Sunday.

"Now our wise rulers and the law
Say none shall wash on Sunday;
So Boston folks must dirty go,
And wash them twice on Monday."

Skating, of course, was likewise forbidden on the Sabbath, and for many years smoking in the street was also prohibited at any time.

Cows were allowed to graze on the Common as recently as within eighty-six years, and there is still a restriction on one of the lots of land on Mt. Vernon Street, which obliges the owner of the property on the opposite side of this street always to keep a passageway to a pasturage near the Common of suitable size to admit a cow. Only one such animal could be grazed by one person, a man being chosen especially to "keep the cowes which goe on the Common," for a fee of 2s. 6d. per head. With a little imagination we can see Benjamin Franklin driving his father's cow home from here every night. Cows were often a menace to people walking or riding, and one fatal accident happened in 1661, when General Humphrey Atherton, on his way home after reviewing his troops, ran into a cow with such force that he was thrown from his horse and killed.

The Common has always been used as a parade ground and place for celebrations of all kinds, besides being the site of one of the British fortifications during the siege of Boston. According to Dr. Edward Everett Hale the circles made on the Common by the British tents could be traced in the grass while he was a boy, and the trenches dug by the English soldiers were still used with great joy by the boys of his time when playing soldier. It is related that the Redcoats used to race their horses on the Common on Sundays and that they played "Yankee Doodle" outside the church doors during services, both to

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the disgust of the inhabitants. It is also recorded that Dorothy Quincy used to complain that the morning exercises of Earl Percy's troops interrupted her beauty sleep. While the British were in their encampment here, several floating batteries crept along the shore of the Common and fired upon the enemy, doing considerable damage; and it was from this same shore that the English troops embarked for Lexington the evening before the battle. It was also near here where we read that Colonel Thomas H. Perkins and others used to go snipe shooting. While the English occupied the Common many a Bostonian probably found that his cow had "gone dry" when he came to milk her; there is an anecdote, however, which shows that at least one cow got even with the Britishers. She ran into a stack of bayonets, one of which penetrated her body sufficiently to enable her to run away with it.

The boys had their famous coast along Park Street, until one day General Gage's soldiers destroyed their slides, thereby causing a great protest to be made. The General asked them if their fathers had been teaching them rebellion, but at the same time he evidently admired their "love of liberty" and ordered that their sport should not be interfered with again. Some years later wooden bridges for pedestrians were erected over the slides to prevent accidents.

During the Civil War the headquarters of the Recruiting Committee were on Flagstaff Hill on the Common, and many speeches were made urging men to enlist. On one occasion one young fellow declared that he would enlist even if he were a "paralyzed corpse," which remark brought forth loud cheers and many recruits. In 1862 a Great War Meeting and Parade were held on the Common, speeches being made by Governor Andrew, Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop and others.

Many celebrations have been held here, but they are too numerous to receive more than a brief mention. The "Repeal of the Stamp Act" caused Captain Paddock's Artillery to roar out a salute, followed by fireworks and illuminations; Cornwallis' surrender was celebrated by a huge bonfire, and a few years later Peace was proclaimed by cannon and fireworks; also the Bunker Hill procession, in which Lafayette participated, described elsewhere, had its starting place here. On these grounds, too, met the Great Whig Convention presided over by Daniel Webster, and the Grand Mass Washingtonian Convention of May, 1844. Another event was the Cochituate Water Celebration around the Frog Pond while Josiah Quincy was Mayor, when, as the last lines of Hon. Robert S. Rantoul's poem reads, "Boston claims her destined bride, the fair Cochituate, as Quincy turns the water, in eighteen forty-eight." The Frog Pond was also called "Crescent Pond" or "Quincy Lake."

In 1851 a three days' Grand Railroad Jubilee, which included a parade and dinner, was held to commemorate the opening of communication between Boston and Canada, and some years later the Prince of Wales was entertained with a military review. When General Lee's army surrendered bells pealed, steam engines screeched through the streets, and cannon again boomed. The parade at the time of the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill was

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also formed here. It was in 1877 that the Army and Navy Monument on Flagstaff Hill was dedicated, and we must not forget the Fourth of July celebrations that have taken place; nor must we omit several Indian war dances, the last of which took place in 1837, which caused about 70,000 to assemble to watch the antics. The Indians left the city in open barouches, sitting all over the vehicles and wielding their war weapons. We should also record several Temperance parades, one of which in 1844 was composed of the boys and girls of Boston, usually referred to as the "Cold Water Army," which marched to the Frog Pond and gave "three cheers for Cold Water." Many people signed the pledge on this occasion. Here also many military organizations were wont to drill, including the oldest order in the United States, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

The Rev. George Whitefield visited Boston in 1740, and as the churches couldn't accommodate the number of people who wanted to hear him, he decided to preach on Boston Common. Twenty thousand persons heard his farewell sermon, among whom was Benjamin Franklin, who determined he wouldn't give a cent when it should be time to take up the collection. The preacher was so convincing and so eloquent that Franklin ended by handing over every cent he had with him. A negro on the Common mistook some one for Whitefield, and, falling on the ground and rolling over, exclaimed, "Oh, Massa Whitefield!" He learned his mistake, and as he hurriedly rose to his feet, said, "Oh, den I'se gone dirtied myself all for nothin'."

A unique event connected with the Common was the spinning competition in the year 1720, which was held daily in the open air before throngs of spectators, the women of the town, rich and poor, vying with each other in their speed in handling their newly imported machines. The fad continued for some time, and a Spinning School was built. It is a curious thing that the Irish-Scotch spinners who introduced these spinning-wheels also taught us the value of the potato, which had been hitherto almost unknown.

On part of the Common a rich harvest of hay was often reaped, and on one occasion we read that Deacon Sullivan hired a well-known bell-crier to go round to the different schools and lead the children over to the pasturage to "enjoy the new mown hay." During the ravages of smallpox the Common was also a convenient place on which to air the clothes of the victims, there evidently being no Board of Health in Boston at that time. About sixty years ago an announcement appeared in the papers that a cave had been discovered, which drew a large number of people who paid a small entrance fee to see the new curiosity. After a short time some one in the crowd remembered that it was April 1.

The Common has always been a recreation ground, and many famous football and baseball games have here been fought out. Mr. James D'Wolf Lovett's book, entitled "Old Boston Boys," gives a vivid idea of the sports on the Common fifty or so years ago. The Latin School team had many games with the Dixwell School, and the famous Lowell Baseball Club, organized by Mr. John A. Lowell, fought it out with the Trimountains, Bowdoin's, Olympics, Rocking-

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hams, Athletics, Harvards, Elm Trees and Hancocks. In these games the runner had to be hit by the ball to be put out, stakes were used as bases, and foul balls were considered as hits. Sometimes as many as seventy or eighty runs were scored. The older men in Boston to-day remember with delight the home run "hit" made by Thomas Nelson, which soared over Flagstaff Hill towards West Street. One legend describes this ball as having rolled down West Street and then bounced on board a horse-car, which took it out to the Norfolk House. In the year 1869 probably for the first time baseball influenced a Mayor's election. The Common was ploughed up, and the ball players, fearing they would be permanently deprived of its use, entered politics and helped to elect a Mayor and aldermen who would be favorably disposed to the use of the Common as a playground. The "Baseball" ticket, with a red baseball printed at the top, won, and Mayor Shurtleff was elected. Coasting was popular in these days, and the sleds were almost as well known among the younger generation as race horses and yachts; the "Comet," owned by Dr. Frank Wells, the "Eagle," belonging to James Lovett, "Multum in Parvo," the property of Francis Peabody, and the "Tuscaloosa," handled by Horatio G. Curtis, being a few of the "race horses" of the day. "Old Boston Boys" also tells of an amusing incident that happened on one of the Beacon Hill coasts. A colored washerwoman of large proportions with her basket on her head was caught by a sled and deposited astride the coaster, who continued down the hill faster than ever. During the whole length of the slide she cuffed the frightened boy over the ears for having upset her.

The Circus used to pitch its tent on the Public Garden, and the great drawing card with the Boston boys was the announcement that at a certain hour the elephants would bathe in the Frog Pond. A great feat of skill was to vault the high iron picket fence when the policeman was not looking and thereby gain admittance without charge on the day of some celebration.

Many of the older generation who went to Mr. Sullivan's school in the basement of Park Street Church remember with sorrow the old blind cigar man who stood near the corner of Park and Tremont Streets and sold what he called "cinnamon" cigars, warranted harmless and suitable for beginners; but, as they were made of real tobacco and merely dipped in cinnamon, the effect was not as advertised.

Almost every boy "ran" with his particular engine and endeavored to have his "tub" win in the "playouts" on the Common, his Captain shouting to him meanwhile to "shake it out of her," or "just one foot further, if you love me!", or other appropriate remarks. When one of the loyal firemen died his last request was to cut off his ears and bury them under the engine house, so that he could hear the old machine rattle as she rolled out.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA

The first newspaper printed in America, entitled *Publick Occurrences, Both Forreign and Domestick*, appeared in Boston on September 25, 1690. It was a sheet of four pages, seven inches by eleven, with two

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columns on a page, and was printed "By R. Pierce for Benjamin Harris, at the London Coffee House, 1690." The editor announced that it was issued in order "that the people may better understand public affairs, that important occurrences shall not be forgotten," and in order "that something may be done towards the Curing, or at least the Charming of that Spirit of Lying, which prevails among us." The introductory paragraph reads, "It is designed that the countrey shall be furnished once a month (or if any Glut of occurrences happen oftener) with an Account of such considerable things as have arrived unto our Notice." It then went on to say that the editor would "take pains to get a faithful relation of things and hopes observers will communicate of such matters as fall under their notice." And, further, the publisher proposes to correct false reports, and to expose the "First Raiser" of them, and he also adds that he thinks "none will dislike this Proposal, but such as intend to be guilty of so villianous a Crime." Mention is made of the Indians of Plymouth; of the fact that two children of Chelmsford had been stolen by the Indians; of the three hundred and thirty deaths in Boston from smallpox; of a fire near the South Meeting House; and of the murder of the crew of a vessel near Penobscot by Indians and French. There is also an account of Governor Winthrop's expedition to Canada, and other interesting news. Only one issue of the paper appeared. The authorities ordered *Publick Occurrences* discontinued, as they believed it contained "reflections of a very high nature," and the Court, in 1662, forbade "any thing in print without license being first obtained from those appointed by the government to grant the same." The people were not yet ready for a free press.

Only one copy of this paper has ever been discovered, and it is now in the Colonial State Paper Office, in London. Dr. Samuel A. Green some years ago took a copy of it, which may be seen in the Massachusetts Historical Society rooms. Many of the papers issued since this time are not any better than was this "First Newspaper."

The first regular newspaper was *The Boston News Letter*, which appeared in April, 1704, and which gives the history of the town for the next seventy years. It was issued by John Campbell, who was Postmaster of Boston, and printed by Bartholomew Green in a building on Washington Street near the east corner of Avon Street.

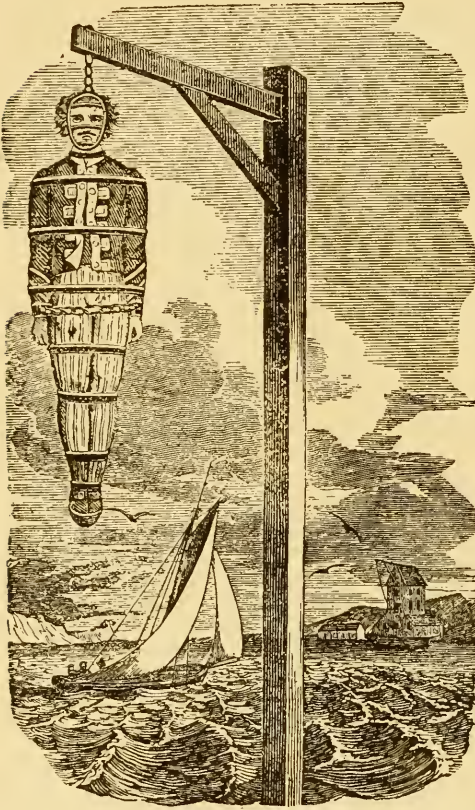
CAPTAIN KIDD ARRESTED AND JAILED IN BOSTON

Lord Bellamont in London, before his departure for America to become Governor of the New York and the New England Colonies, commissioned Captain Kidd, at the suggestion of Robert Livingston, a New York merchant, to destroy piracy along the American coast. Captain Kidd was undoubtedly himself a pirate, although he had once been an officer in the British navy and later had commanded one of Livingston's merchant ships. He was a Scotchman. It is quite apparent that Lord Bellamont made this selection with the old adage in mind, "Set a rogue to catch a rogue."

The pirate captain sailed in his *Adventure Galley* in December of the year 1697 with instructions to cruise only against the King's

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enemies. Instead of suppressing piracy, however, he captured the *Quedah Merchant*, belonging to the Great Mogul, and on his return to Long Island sent word to Bellamont, who was now in Boston, that



CAPTAIN KIDD HANGING IN CHAINS.

From an old print in "The Pirates Own Book or Authentic Narratives of the Lives, Exploits and Executions of the Most Celebrated Sea Robbers."

"My Lord, it is a very hard sentence," said Kidd, when asked why sentence should not be passed against him. "For my part, I am the most innocent person of them all, only I have been sworn against by perjured persons." He was executed on Execution Dock, England, and hung up in chains some distance down the river.

which was found on Gardiner's Island, just off the end of Long Island, where Captain Kidd landed in 1699. Lord Bellamont sent commissioners to dig up these buried treasures, and an inventory was made of the articles that were found, which is said to be in the possession of the Gardiner family who now own the island.

It was now a question what to do with the pirate, as it was discovered that the laws of the Province were insufficient to execute criminals guilty of piracy. Two other brigands had escaped from this same prison, and Governor Bellamont more than once wished his prisoners were safely lodged in Newgate jail. An English frigate, the *Advice*, took Captain Kidd back to England, arriving in April, 1700. He was imprisoned for a long time, was tried for both murder and piracy and then hanged. He died hard. The rope broke the first time, but the second attempt proved successful. He committed the murder at sea,

he would be glad to come on and explain his actions. He arrived in Boston with his wife and maid servant in June, 1699, on his sloop the *Antonia*, and put up at Campbell's, which was the most luxurious hotel in Boston at this time, Governor Bellamont himself having stayed there a short time before. On his arrival he was examined before the Council in the Old State House, but his explanations were so unsatisfactory that he was arrested on July 7 and jailed in the Old Prison on Court Street, where the new wing of the City Hall now stands, the same prison which confined the witchcraft victims. Captain Kidd suggested to Lord Bellamont that he should go back while still a prisoner to his captured treasure ship and that he and Bellamont should divide the \$300,000 of valuables which the Captain said were on board. The Governor's connection with Captain Kidd was already none too creditable, and it was fortunate indeed for him that he turned down the offer. The hillsides of Southern Rhode Island and the waters of the Hudson River have been searched, but nothing has been discovered of Kidd's treasures except an old chest

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the victim being his gunner, whom he killed by striking with a water bucket.

The pirates' song supposed to have been written by Benjamin Franklin is worth quoting. Ned Teach was another well-known rover of the seas.

"Then each man to his gun
For the work must be done,
With cutlass, sword, or pistol;
And when we no longer can strike a blow,
Then fire the magazine, boys, and up we go.
It is better to swim in the sea below
Than to hang in the air, and to feed the crow,
Said Jolly Ned Teach of Bristol."



Keys to jail on Queen Street in which Captain Kidd was imprisoned. Now in the possession of the Bostonian Society.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN DELIVERS NEWSPAPERS IN BOSTON

There is something very romantic and attractive in thinking of Benjamin Franklin early in his teens setting the type of his brother James' *New England Courant*, printing the sheets from the old press now in the Bostonian Society rooms, and then carrying the papers through the streets to the houses of his customers. He was born on January 17, 1706, in a small house on Milk Street, where the family resided for a few years until they moved to the corner of Hanover and Union Streets. He was the most amusing member of the family. Once when he was watching his father, Josiah, prepare the winter's supply of salt fish, young Franklin suggested that he would save a lot of time if he said grace over the whole cask at once. His father was by trade a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, and when his son had studied at the Latin School a few years he took him home at the age of ten to assist him in his own business. He showed so little interest in making soap and candles that his father decided to apprentice him as a printer to his elder son, James. Here Benjamin found more opportunity to read, the first literature that came to his notice being "Pilgrim's Progress" and the *Spectator*. It was not long before he wrote anonymous articles and shoved them surreptitiously under the door of the printing room, and to his great joy they were printed.

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Had James realized that they were from the pen of his brother they would probably have found their way into the scrap basket, as the two agreed none too well in business.

The Mathers didn't at all approve of the *Courant*; it spoke too freely, and so the Assembly imprisoned James Franklin. In the mean time Benjamin had full charge of the management. When the elder brother had served his term he was discharged but ordered not to print his paper unless it were first supervised by the Secretary of the Province. It was then determined that the *New England Courant* should be issued under Benjamin's name, and this plan was carried out for



Bronze tablet on statue of Benjamin Franklin, Boston City Hall Courtyard.

about three years, the imprint reading, "Boston, printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin, in Queen Street, where advertisements are taken in." The building that was used as his first shop later became a bookstore, and was ornamented with a head of Franklin for many years, until it was torn down. Over the office was the Long Room Club, where Adams, Hancock, Otis, Warren, Church, Quincy, Dawes, Paul Revere and others laid their plans for resisting the British.

The animosity between the two brothers increased, and Benjamin soon gave up his position and looked for another one in some of the other printing houses in Boston. His brother had, however, gone to these same offices and prevented his getting any employment, and in October, 1723, he left the city in disgust. Had he been able to find some occupation, Boston might have been able to claim him during his whole life, instead of for only his first seventeen years.

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The town of Franklin, Mass., was named after him, and books to the value of £25 were given by Benjamin Franklin to be added to its library.

SOME INTERESTING EVENTS IN CONNECTION WITH CHRIST CHURCH, OR "OLD NORTH CHURCH"

The Old North Church on Salem Street is the oldest church in Boston standing on its original ground, and was the second Episcopal Church erected in the town. For many years its tall spire served as a landmark for vessels entering the harbour. As a boy Governor Phips dreamed that he would some day become rich and live on Salem Street, which was then called Green Lane, and later his dream came true. The North End was practically an island at one time and was reached by a bridge where Hanover and Blackstone Streets now meet. In the early days religious services were held in the Old State House.

Christ Church is chiefly noted for its connection with the Revolution and Paul Revere, yet there is much more history which, though less well known, is nevertheless most interesting and instructive. The corner-stone was laid in 1723 by the Rev. Samuel Myles, then rector of King's Chapel, who pronounced the following words: "May the gates of Hell never prevail against it." It was opened for divine service on December 29 of the same year by the first rector, the Rev. Timothy Cutler, who had a most unusual career. He was Doctor of Divinity of both Oxford and Cambridge universities, also was a graduate of Harvard in 1701 and then became President of Yale College in 1719. His home was on Salem Street. Dr. Cutler in a letter at this time stated that there were thirty-two "Negro and Indian slaves" in his parish. In the early days a fine was imposed upon any member who "does not appear within two hours after the time appointed for a meeting."

A most interesting Bible was presented to the Church by King George II. in 1733. It is called the "Vinegar Bible," on account of a curious error which appears on one of the pages, the word "Vinegar" being printed in place of the word "Vineyard," in the chapter of St. Luke which refers to "The Parable of the Vineyard." Some of the Prayer Books have paper pasted over "King and Royal Family," and the words "President of the United States" written over it. The Church also owns a Communion Service, several pieces of which were given by King George II., and may be seen at the Museum of Fine Arts. At one time part of this Communion set was pledged to the creditors of the Church.

A chime of eight bells, each bearing a different inscription, was placed in the steeple in 1744, having been made in a famous foundry in England. On bell "3" is written, "We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America." For some years there was a guild of bell ringers composed of Paul Revere, John Dyer, Josiah Flagg, E. Ballard, Jonathan Law, Jonathan Brown, Jr., and Joseph Snelling.

Captain Gruchy, a member of the Church and commander of the

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Privateer *Queen of Hungary*, presented to the church the four small statues in front of the organ, which were captured from a French vessel during the French and Indian war in 1746. They were doubtless intended for a Catholic cathedral on the St. Lawrence River, but instead found their way to a Protestant church in Boston.

It is said that General Gage watched the burning of Charlestown and the Battle of Bunker Hill from Christ Church steeple. In this battle Major Pitcairn was killed by a bullet fired by a negro soldier from Salem, and his remains were buried in the tomb beneath the church. About this time Lieutenant Shea, who died of fever, was also buried here. Some years later Major Pitcairn's friends in England sent for his body, and it is believed that through some curious mistake the remains of Lieutenant Shea were shipped in its place, so that the tablet in Westminster Abbey possibly marks the last resting place of Shea, who had a very commonplace end, instead of marking the remains of the hero whose bravery its inscription commemorates. Samuel Nicholson, First Commander of the *Constitution*, was also buried here.

Rev. Mather Byles was pastor from 1768 to 1775. His father, who was pastor of King's Chapel, was the celebrated wit of the town and was always cracking jokes. There are some good stories of his in "Dealings with the Dead." In 1777 he was arrested as a Tory, placed under guard and ordered sent to England in forty days. He was discovered one morning pacing before his door with a musket on his shoulder, and one of his neighbors asked the cause. "You see," said the Doctor, "I begged the sentinel to let me go for some milk for my family, but he would not suffer me to stir. I reasoned the matter with him; and he has gone himself, to get it for me, on condition that I keep guard in his absence." He frequently referred to his keeper as his "Observe-a-tory." He was also intimate with General Knox, who after the evacuation marched through Boston at the head of his artillery. Byles yelled out to him, "I never saw an ox fatter in my life." General Knox, who was quite stout, did not at all appreciate the remark.

In front of Dr. Byles' house there was a mire, and he often tried to get the selectmen to fill it in. One morning two of the board happened to drive too near the bog, and their carriage sank in. Dr. Byles walked by them as they were trying to extricate themselves and politely remarked, "I am delighted, gentlemen, to see you stirring in this matter, at last." Another time a man with a toothache met the Doctor and asked him where he could have it drawn. The Doctor gave him a name and street number. On going to the address the occupant of the house answered him, "This is a poor joke for Dr. Byles, I am not a dentist, but a portrait painter—it will give you little comfort, my friend, to have me draw your tooth." Dr. Byles had sent him to Copley. Another time, when the Rev. Mr. Prince for some reason did not keep an engagement to preach, Dr. Byles rose and preached from the text, "Put not your trust in princes."

It is recorded that once some one got the better of the Doctor. He was devoted at one time to a lady who finally married a Quincy. He met her one day and asked her how she happened to choose Quincy

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instead of Byles. She replied, "If there had been anything worse than biles Job would have been afflicted by them."

Rev. William Montague, who was Rector from 1786 to 1792, and who lived in Dedham, Mass., was the person to whom a man called Savage gave the ball which killed Warren, although the identity of the bullet has sometimes been questioned. Dr. J. Collins Warren believes that the bullet was buried with the body. In the Old South Church there is a photograph of the skull of General Warren, which shows a large bullet wound in the head. He was supposed to have been shot while climbing over a stone wall.

In 1815 a bust of George Washington was presented to the church, and is believed to be the first memorial erected to him in a public place. Lafayette said it was the best likeness of Washington that he had ever seen.

It has never been definitely determined who hung the lanterns in the belfry on that memorable 18th of April, the highest authorities being at variance between Robert Newman, the Sexton, and Captain John Pulling, Jr., a close friend of Paul Revere. It is certain that both had much to do with displaying the warning. Newman was discovered in bed and arrested, but nothing could be proved against him. Captain Pulling certainly acted as if he were guilty, for, disguised as a laborer, he made his way by sea to Cohasset, where he and his wife remained in hiding for some time. His wife was a Hingham woman named Sarah Thaxter. Each year the lanterns are hung in the belfry by one of the descendants of Paul Revere. On the next to the last anniversary the little boy who was carrying them fell and broke one, but it was soon repaired.

To the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, the present Rector, is chiefly due the preservation of the building, which was reopened on Sunday, December 29, 1912.

WOODBRIIDGE-PHILLIPS DUEL ON THE COMMON

The duel between Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips was the first in Boston which resulted in the death of one of the participants. Both of these men were merchants of the town and highly respected citizens, and the affair quite naturally caused much excitement. The origin of their quarrel, which started on the evening of July 3, 1728, at the Royal Exchange Tavern on King Street, has always been a mystery, though it must have been of a serious nature. They repaired at once to the Common, which had already witnessed several duels in times gone by, and settled their controversy near the old Powder House Hill and not far from the water where Charles Street now lies. Phillips ran his sword completely through the body of Woodbridge, who was not discovered until early the following morning. There were no seconds. The survivor became much alarmed when he realized that he had probably killed his adversary, and as he walked across the Common he met Robert Handy of the White Horse Tavern and begged him to go back and get a surgeon for the wounded man. Handy, however, concluded that it would be safer for him to return to his Inn. Governor Dummer immediately issued

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a proclamation commanding all persons in the Province to endeavor to capture Phillips and bring him to justice, and hand-bills were placed upon all the town pumps and chief corners of the town, according to the custom of the day. Phillips, however, eluded his pursuers, with the aid of his brother Gillam and Peter Faneuil, whose sister married this same Gillam. He was concealed for a short time in the house of Colonel Estis Hatch and was then rowed from Gibbs Wharf in Fort Hill, in Captain John Winslow's boat, to the British man-of-war *Sheerness* which was lying near Castle Island. Officers endeavored to find this ship, and others from the cupola of the old Town House scanned the harbour in vain. The *Sheerness* had already departed for Rochelle, France, with her unhappy exile, who died the following year in distress over the deed he had committed. His mother went over to comfort him, but arrived after his death. Governor Burnett succeeded Governor Dummer about a month after the duel, and, with eighty-seven other prominent citizens, signed a petition for Phillips, certifying as to his honorable character and asking for his pardon for what was then a charge of murder.

Woodbridge's body was taken to the house of his partner, Jonathan Sewall, and his funeral was attended by the Commander-in-Chief, several of the Council, and many of the townspeople. He was buried in the Granary Burying Ground. A sermon with this duel as the text was delivered a few days later by Dr. Joseph Sewell, of the Old South Church. Phillips was only twenty-two years of age, and his victim was only a few years older.

A law was passed soon after to prevent duelling, which provided that, even if no injuries were inflicted, any person convicted of engaging in a duel should "be carried publicly in a cart to the gallows, with a rope about his neck, and set on the gallows an hour, then to be imprisoned twelve months without bail." Any one who was killed should be denied Christian burial and must be buried "near the usual place of execution with a stake drove through the body." The survivor was considered a murderer and must be executed and buried in a similar manner.

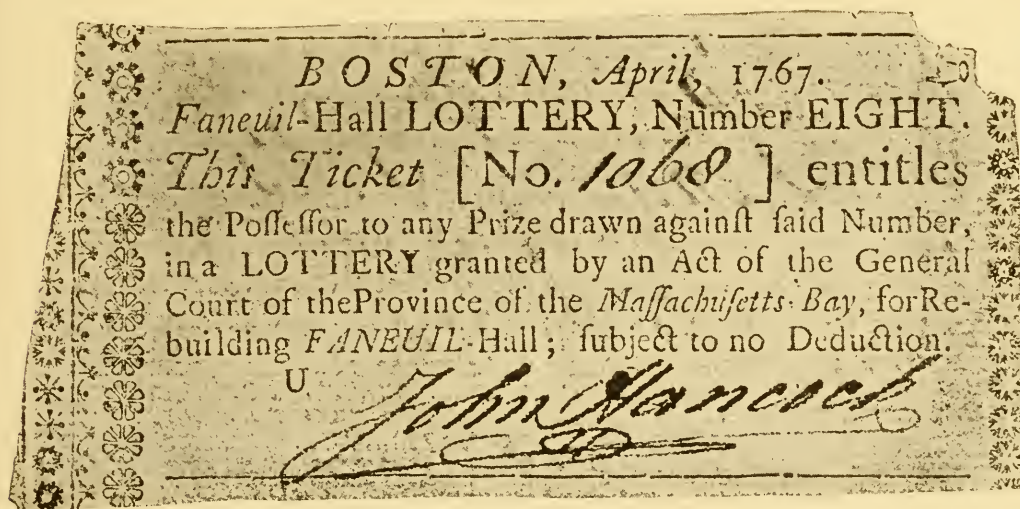
MASSACHUSETTS ISSUES LOTTERY TICKETS TO HELP REBUILD FANEUIL HALL

This cut, which is taken from an original lottery ticket to be seen in the banking rooms of the State Street Trust Company, shows one of the six thousand tickets sold under the auspices of the Massachusetts legislature in 1762 to help rebuild Faneuil Hall, which was destroyed by fire the year before. A special committee, consisting of Thomas Cushing, Samuel Hewes, John Scollay, Benjamin Austin, Samuel Sewall, S. P. Savage and Ezekiel Lewis, was appointed to act as Managers of the lottery, and subscribers could get their numbers from the Board or from the firm of Green & Russell in Queen Street. The tickets were sold for \$2 apiece, which brought in \$12,000, but as there were 1,486 prizes amounting to \$10,800 there was only a net profit of \$1,200 to pay to the contractor. There was one prize of \$1,000 and one of \$500, all the others being of smaller amounts,

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ranging down to \$4. The contractor made many complaints about the slowness of payment, and a committee was chosen to decide the dispute. Although Governor Hancock signed the original of which this cut is a copy, he did not sign all of the issue, and later on he exerted his influence against this scheme of raising money, which encouraged gambling and at the same time produced such meagre results. Faneuil Hall was occupied for a town meeting again in March, 1764.

Lotteries were regarded almost in the light of investments and were authorized by the State authorities. It was thought as respectable to sell tickets as to sell Bibles, and the two have been seen classed together in the same advertisement. Without doubt lotteries were



Picture of original lottery ticket to rebuild Faneuil Hall. In the collection of the State Street Trust Company.

a means of raising money (which could not otherwise at that time be procured) for churches, colleges, roads, bridges, ferries, wharves, etc. Advertisements were common, and often the figure of Fortune blindfolded and balancing herself upon a wheel was used, or men angling for prizes. Notices often spoke of the lottery as a "speedy cure for a broken fortune." One of the most important public lotteries was held by Harvard University to build Stoughton Hall and, later on, Holworthy; in 1774 the Province held one to replenish the treasury. Charlestown also had a large one, as did Dartmouth College; there was also one to pave Boston Neck, to make Gloucester Road, to improve Plymouth Beach, and for the benefit of a paper mill in Milton. There were likewise many private lotteries, some of which were managed dishonestly, the drawn tickets often being sold a second time.

The lottery originated in Florence in 1530, and was first instituted in England in 1567, when the first drawing took place at the west door of St. Paul's.

General Lincoln of Massachusetts had a law passed in 1833 prohibiting the sale of tickets in this State.

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LIBERTY TREE

“Of high renown, here grew the tree,
The ELM so dear to LIBERTY;
Your sires, beneath its sacred shade,
To Freedom early homage paid.
This day with filial awe surround
Its root, that sanctifies the ground,
And by your fathers’ spirits swear,
The rights they left you’ll not impair.”

Judge Dawes.

Hundreds of people daily hurry past the corner of Essex and Washington Streets and pass the spot where, exactly a century and a half ago, stood an old elm tree from the branches of which dangled the effigy of Andrew Oliver. Oliver was Secretary of the Province and personified to the people the Stamp Act,—the thing the colonists hated most in the world. This elm, which played such an important part in the early history of the Colony, came to be known as Liberty Tree. A freestone bas-relief now marks the spot where it once stood; thereon is the following inscription:—

LIBERTY 1765
LAW AND ORDER
SONS OF LIBERTY 1766
INDEPENDENCE OF THEIR COUNTRY 1776.

The effigy of Oliver, discovered swinging from the largest branch of the tree, created wild excitement.

“Take it down,” Governor Hutchinson commanded the sheriff.

“I don’t dare to, sir,” retorted that dignitary.

Local revolution was in the air—and the sheriff undoubtedly wanted to keep clear of the tar pot and a nice warm coat of many feathers.

The day that Oliver’s effigy hung, along with a boot, with the devil peeping out of it, might have been a holiday judging by the excitement that reigned throughout the town. The boot was intended as a pun upon the name of Lord Bute, Prime Minister of England. Business was practically suspended. Crowds came from miles around. All day long the figures dangled from the tree. When day closed the effigies were removed—a procession solemnly formed, followed by thousands of all sorts and conditions; the effigies were placed on a bier, and the procession marched solemnly to the Town House. From there it moved to the supposed office of the Stamp Master. On it went to Fort Hill, where the effigies were burned in full sight of Mr. Oliver’s house. The Sons of Liberty, later on, compelled Oliver to make a public resignation before Richard Dana, Justice of the Peace, beneath the Liberty Tree; no other place would satisfy them.

Other figures of those favoring the Stamp Act and other English regulations appeared on the branches of Liberty Tree, including those of Charles Paxton, a revenue collector, and Benjamin Hallowell, Comptroller of Customs. Then a tablet was fixed,—a copper plate bearing the inscription in gold letters, “The Tree of Liberty, August 14, 1765.” The spot became the meeting place of the Sons of Liberty

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and continued to be until the colonists were driven out of Boston by the siege. The date February 14, 1766, was set on it by the Sons of Liberty, and by their order the old tree was pruned. The repeal of the Stamp Act was also celebrated with illuminations on the tree and on the Common. The ground about the tree became known as Liberty Hall, and in August, 1767, a flagstaff was erected which extended through the highest branches of the tree; when a flag was hoisted from this staff, it was a signal for the Sons of Liberty to gather for an important conference.

The admiration of Bostonians for their Liberty Tree is shown by the will of a man called Philip Billis, who left a considerable fortune to two friends on condition that they would bury his body beneath the shadow of its branches.

The British entertained as great a contempt for the tree as they did for the colonists. When poor Ditson was tarred and feathered he was compelled to parade in front of Liberty Tree. At length so great an eye-sore was the famous landmark that during the last week in August, 1775, a party led by Job Williams destroyed it. "Armed with axes," says the *Essex Gazette* of 1775, "they made a furious attack upon it. After a long spell of laughing and grinning, sweating, swearing and foaming, with malice diabolical, they cut down the tree because it bore the name of Liberty." One of the British party, during the attack, lost his life by falling from one of the highest branches to the pavement. The tree had been planted one hundred and nineteen years, in 1646, and the Pemberton Manuscript states that it bore the first fruits of liberty in America. Long after the Revolution the place where it had stood for so long was called Liberty Stump. On it was erected a pole which served for many years as a guide-post, which having decayed was replaced by a second pole just after the arrival of General Lafayette as a guest of the nation in 1824. As the General's carriage stopped in front of the famous spot he was much affected. A pleasing incident occurred there. A young girl, with a red, white and blue sash across her shoulders, came down the steps of the Lafayette Hotel opposite, bearing on a silver salver two goblets and a bottle of old wine from France. Lafayette drank the wine she gave him with great gallantry. Later, in speaking of the Tree, he said, "The world should never forget where once stood the Liberty Tree, so famous in your annals."

SIGNING OF THE CHARTER PAPERS OF THE BOSTON TEA PARTY VESSELS IN THE ROTCH WHALING OFFICE, NANTUCKET

The Charter Papers of the three ships that brought the tea into Boston Harbour in 1773 were made out and signed in the whaling office of William Rotch, which still exists as a Club at the foot of old cobble-stoned Main Street in Nantucket. Rotch sailed for London in the early part of the year in a ship commanded by Alexander Coffin, and while there he made a contract with the East India Company to take a cargo of tea to Boston in three of the ships belonging to his firm. Two of the vessels were "whalers," one being the

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Dartmouth of New Bedford, commanded by Captain James Hall, and the other the *Beaver*, captained by Hezekiah Coffin of Nantucket; the third was the *Eleanor*.

It was this same Rotch who, after the Revolutionary War, moved his family and other Nantucket whalers to Dunkirk, and from there carried on the pursuit of whaling, being the first ship-owner who ever sent a whaleship into the Pacific Ocean. On the occasion of a French victory, during his residence in Dunkirk, all the inhabitants lighted bonfires on their lawns, and any one who didn't do so was held under suspicion. Rotch was a Quaker, and it was contrary to his belief



The Rotch Whaling Office, now the Pacific Club, at the foot of Main Street, Nantucket. The old whale weathervane can be seen above the building.

to celebrate in this manner. It was necessary therefore to seek the protection of the authorities in Dunkirk, who placed a representative on the lawn of all the Quaker residences to explain the reason why it was impossible for them to join in the celebrations. Rotch returned to America, but his son Benjamin and daughter-in-law never came back. She was so ill on the voyage over that her doctor advised her never to attempt the return journey, and she remained abroad all her life.

The old brick counting house shown in the picture above was built in 1772 by William Rotch & Sons, who occupied it until 1795, when they moved to New Bedford. The old building has an exceedingly interesting history. Many a whaleship has been started from here on her long voyage to report years later her success or failure; and, finally, when the industry died out in 1861, seven of the captains

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organized the Pacific Club, which was composed of retired whaling veterans, using the lower floor of the building for Club rooms. The last captain died in 1913 at the age of ninety, but the original twenty-four memberships are to-day possessions that are highly prized by the descendants of the old whaling families of the Island. There are also forty-four "annual" members, twenty of whom are summer visitors. The ship prints on the walls would excite the envy of all collectors, and it is a pity that the old stove in the centre of the room cannot repeat the whaling yarns that have been told around it. In the picture can be seen the whale weathervane rising from a platform so common in the Nantucket houses, which is built on the roof to enable the families to detect the home-coming of their ships.

The Tea Party was productive of several amusing incidents. All of the contents of the three hundred and forty-two chests of tea did not float down the harbour with the tide. When Thomas Melville, one of the "Mohawk Band," returned home his wife collected some of the tea from his shoes and preserved it in a bottle. It is believed that this possession was handed down to Samuel Shaw, son of Judge Shaw, and it is doubtless in existence to-day, the property of a member of the family. Several persons were detected in the act of stealing tea. One of the "Indians" filled his pockets and even the lining of his clothes, but was soon detected. Some one grabbed him by his coat, which came off, enabling the wearer to escape, but not without having to run the gauntlet of the crowd on the wharf, each one of whom gave him a kick. His coat was nailed to the whipping-post in Charlestown, the place of his residence, with the name of the owner labelled upon it in large letters.

It is only natural that Bostonians should take a deep interest in this old building, which serves to link together by its history the town of Nantucket and our city.

GENERAL WARREN CLIMBS THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH TO DELIVER HIS FAMOUS "MASSACRE" SPEECH

Warren raised himself, a Tory writer has said, from a barelegged boy to be a major-general. As a boy, he was manly, fearless and independent, which characteristics he still possessed as he grew into manhood. He was so determined to commemorate in a fitting way the Boston Massacre that he climbed in the window of the Old South Church, there being no other way of reaching the pulpit, and there delivered his address before an audience of townspeople and a company of armed officers of the king's army. There's a story told of his college days at Harvard. Several of his class in the course of a frolic tried to exclude him by shutting themselves in a chamber and barring the door so tightly that he could not force it. Warren, bent on joining them, saw that their window was open, and that a spout was near it which reached from the roof to the ground. He went to the top of the house, walked to the spout, slid by it to the open window, and threw himself into the room. At that instant the spout fell. He quietly remarked that it had served his purpose. He then en-

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tered into the sport of his classmates. "A spectator of this feat and narrow escape," says Knapp, "related this fact to me in the college yard, nearly half a century afterwards, and the impression it made on his mind was so strong that he seemed to feel the same emotions as though it happened an hour before."

Warren was a writer as well as an orator. He was thirty-five years old when he delivered his oration on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. It was in 1775, and the town was occupied by hostile troops. It had been given out that it would be at the price of life to any man to speak of the massacre, as there was unrest and clashing on every hand, and the parties concerned were on the verge of war. In the midst of such conditions, at his own suggestion, Warren was appointed orator. The anniversary fell on Sunday. It was to be celebrated on Monday, and early in the day carriages and people began to arrive in Boston. The Old South was crowded. The pulpit was draped in black. On the platform were the chief leaders of the colonists,—Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and the rest. It was observed that the aisles were crowded with British officers, thereupon Samuel Adams courteously asked the occupants of the front pews to move that the officers might be seated. Some forty, in uniform, filled the pews and the pulpit stairs. The audience was uneasy. There was a stir among the crowd outside, and Warren drove up in a chaise and went directly to the house opposite the church, where he put on his black robe. To avoid the crowd he went around to the rear of the church, gathered his robe about him, climbed a ladder and entered the church through the window back of the pulpit. The silence that followed his appearance in the pulpit was oppressive.

"His speech," says Frothingham, "imbued with the spirit of a high chivalry and faith, resounds with the clash of arms. The speeches in which prominent actors in Grecian and Roman story develop their policy or promote their objects, not words actually spoken, but what the relator thought fitting to have been spoken, were regarded as valuable delineations of the temper of these times. But here were the words of an earnest and representative man, uttered on the eve of a great war, and in the presence of a military power whom he was soon to meet in the field."

For the sake of the cause, it has been said, Warren dared to speak what some scarce dared to think.

Some of the officers groaned when the Old South audience applauded—though as a whole they remained quiet until the close of the oration. Captain Chapman of the Welsh Fusileers, seated near the pulpit, held up a handful of bullets in the course of the oration, and Warren, observing the action, dropped his white handkerchief over the officer's open palms and then continued his fiery remarks. Later, when the town's representatives moved that the thanks of the town be presented to the orator for the oration, the British officers pounded on the floor with their canes, some hissed, others cried "Fie! Fie!"—the latter, being understood for a cry of fire, caused some panic. Even then, the king's representatives did not succeed in breaking up the meeting. The 47th Regiment happened to pass the church at the time, and the commander ordered the

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drums to beat in order to drown the voice of the orator. It was learned afterwards that a plot had been arranged to seize Adams, Hancock and Warren. It had been planned that an ensign was to give the signal by throwing an egg at the orator, but luckily he fell on the way to the meeting, dislocating his knee and breaking the egg, thereby spoiling the scheme.

"The Assembly," says Samuel Adams, "was irritated to the greatest degree, and confusion ensued. They, however, did not gain their end, which was apparently to break up the meeting, for order was soon restored. It was provoking enough to the whole corps that while there were many troops stationed here, there should yet be one for the purpose of delivering an oration, to commemorate a massacre perpetrated by soldiers and to show the danger of standing armies."

"The scene was sublime," Samuel L. Knapp says. "There was in this appeal to Britain—in this description of suffering, dying, horrors—a calm and high-souled defiance which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour has seldom happened in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations. The thunders of Demosthenes rolled in the distance at Philip and his host; and Tully poured the fiercest torrent of invective when Catiline was at a distance, and his dagger no longer feared, but Warren's speech was made to proud oppressors resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight."

THE LAST BALL IN THE PROVINCE HOUSE, WITH SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION IN REGARD TO THE HOUSE

Sir William Howe, the last Royal Governor of the Colonies, gave a ball at Province House on February 22, 1776, during the latter part of the siege of Boston. It was attended by the officers of the British army and the Royal Tories of the Province, and every one appeared masked and in some kind of masquerade costume. It was Sir William's idea to have some kind of festivity in order to hide the distress and general gloom caused by the siege. Nathaniel Hawthorne gives us a description, which, although full of romance and legend, nevertheless is an excellent picture of Boston at this time. The chief interest was centred on a group of persons who were dressed up most ridiculously in old regimental costumes which looked as if they might have been worn at the siege of Louisburg, or in some of the old wars. One person represented George Washington, others Gates, Lee, Putnam and other officers of the American army. They looked more like scarecrows than anything else. There was an interview between these skeleton warriors and the British Commander-in-chief, which was received with great applause. It is related that while the party was in progress there went by a parade with muffled drums, the trumpets giving forth a wailing sound which was evidently intended to worry Sir William and make him realize that troubles were near at hand. He went out of the house and ordered it to disperse. The Puritan Governors Endicott, Winthrop,



PROVINCE HOUSE AS IT IS TO-DAY.

The wall on the right of fire-escape is the original east end of the Province House. It was impossible to get a better view, on account of the narrow passageway.

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Vane, Dudley, Haynes, Bellingham and Leverett were then seen walking down the staircase. Lord Percy believed that there might be some kind of a plot, but his host persuaded him that it was only a jest and a very stupid one at that. Old Governor Bradstreet then appeared, followed by Governors Andros, Phips, the Earl of Bellamont, Governors Belcher, Dudley, Burnet and Shute. Sir William Howe and his guests watched the pageant with anger, contempt and fear. Governors Shirley, Pownall, Bernard and Hutchinson were also represented. Last of all appeared the figure of Governor Howe about to leave the Province House. The figure walked to the door, clenched his hands, stamped his foot and uttered a curse as he gave up his home after his defeat. It is said that not long after this he actually used these same gestures when as the last Royal Governor he left the Province House never to return. While the ball was in progress it is reported that there was a roar of artillery which announced that Washington had captured another entrenchment at Dorchester Heights. Captain Joliffe, a Whig, who happened to be present, asked Sir William if he realized the significance of the pageant, and was warned by his host "to take care of his gray head and that it had stood too long on a traitor's shoulders." Joliffe replied that the Empire of Britain in this Ancient Province was about to give its last gasp that night. The festival soon broke up.

The names of the actors of that night have never been found out, but have gone down in history together with the Indians who scattered the boxes of tea in Boston Harbour. There is a legend that on the anniversary night of the defeat of the British, the ghosts of the ancient governors of Massachusetts glide through the doorway of Province House.

When the Governor left he handed over the key to old Esther Dudley, his housekeeper, who, it is related, stayed for many years in the old house and was still faithful to the King. It is said that many of the old Tories of Boston used to meet here and drink some of the old wine that was still left. It has even been reported that she used to illuminate the house every year on the anniversary of the King's birthday and that she often climbed to the cupola in search of a British fleet or a procession of Redcoats, which she always thought would come and recapture the Colony. The people, however, felt quite differently, for they often would say, "When the golden Indian on the Province House shall shoot his arrow, and the cock on the Old South steeple shall crow, then look for the Royal Governor again." This was a by-word in the town.

The land of the Province House, the original plan of which can be seen in the office of C. H. W. Foster, Esq., was given to the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1811, the same year it was incorporated. The Trustees of the Hospital in 1817 leased the property for ninety-nine years to David Greenough, who changed over the front of the building into stores and leased them. Later the building was turned into a tavern and then into a hall for negro minstrels, until it was almost destroyed by fire in 1864. The house is now used as part of the Old South Theatre, which has its entrance on Washington Street almost opposite the Old South Church. The photograph on

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page 42 gives a view of the northeast wall, now one side of the theatre, which is practically as it has been for several generations. It is well worth a visit and may be found by going up School Street, then along Province Street, turning down the first alleyway before coming to Province Court, which is extremely narrow. The old wall is at the end of the passageway on the right. This end of the old house consists of a huge exterior chimney, which is "stepped," or smaller at the top than at the bottom. There is only one like it in all New England. The entire front wall towards Washington Street—then Marlborough Street—is still standing, but is more difficult to find on account of the extension erected by the theatre. Of the other two sides, scarcely any part exists to-day.

The Indian which stood on the cupola is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The porch once stood in front of the "Poore" farm, at Indian Hill, West Newbury, now owned by the family of F. S. Moseley, Esq. The interior panelling from one of the rooms of Province House, said to have been the Council Chamber, is now in one of the rooms at Indian Hill.

"FROG" DINNER GIVEN TO THE OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH FLEET

When Admiral d'Estaing and his fleet visited Boston in 1778, they were most hospitably received, and among the various entertainments held in their honor was a dinner given by Mr. Nathaniel Tracy of Cambridge. He had seen some of d'Estaing's sailors hunting frogs in the Frog Pond, and, believing them to be a national dish, he had all the swamps of Cambridge searched for enough of these animals to supply his guests. There was a large tureen at each end of the table, and from one of these Tracy ladled out soup and a frog for each guest. The French Consul, M. L'Etombe, fished out his frog, held it up by its hind legs, exclaiming, "Mon Dieu, une grenouille," and then passed it around the table to his friends. The Frenchmen were greatly surprised at this "delicate attention," and Mr. Tracy was fully as astonished to find that they did not appreciate his efforts in the way that he had intended. "What's the matter?" said he. "Why don't you eat them?" "If they knew the confounded trouble I had to catch them in order to treat them to a dish of their own country, they would find that, with me at least, it was no joking matter."

John Hancock, the Governor of Massachusetts, also welcomed the Frenchmen to his attractive house on Beacon Hill. It was important for America while at war with England to encourage the friendship of the French, with whom a treaty had just been made. Governor Hancock was much disturbed at the prospect of entertaining such distinguished guests, and in a letter to Henry Quincy begged him to help find suitable food for them. Admiral d'Estaing asked if he might bring his three hundred officers with him. There wasn't food enough for all, but Mrs. Hancock rose to the occasion and sent her servants to the Common to milk any cows they could find. The owners of the animals were more amused than displeased and

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made no protest. The French Admiral invited the Governor's wife to dine on board his flagship, and she got even with him by bringing with her all the women she could get together. While at dinner she was requested to pull a cord, which was the signal to discharge all the guns of the squadron in her honor.

Admiral d'Estaing was later one of the victims of the guillotine in the French Revolution.

THE PENOBSCOT EXPEDITION—PAUL REVERE A LIEUTENANT

For several reasons this expedition is of interest to the people of Boston and Massachusetts. Brigadier-General Solomon Lovell of Weymouth was Commander-in-Chief, Peleg Wadsworth, Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, was second in command, and Paul Revere was Lieutenant-Colonel in command of a train of artillery. Also the attack was directed against Bagaduce, now part of Castine, which is near the Penobscot River and within a few hours' sail of Camden, Islesboro, Isle au Haut, Belfast and North Haven, where many residents of this State have their summer homes. General Lovell's diary, found in 1879 and published in 1881 by the Weymouth Historical Society, gives a most accurate account of this expedition, which at the time of sailing from Boston, July 19, 1779, seemed to be most formidable, but which turned out actually to be a most unfortunate undertaking. Solomon Lovell had served as Colonel of one of the Massachusetts regiments at Dorchester Heights in 1776; he was related to James Lovell Little and Luther Little, both of Boston. Though the expedition was a failure, it was through no fault of General Lovell's, who showed himself throughout to be an honest, brave and competent officer.

In June, 1779, a British force under General McLean took possession of a peninsula on Penobscot Bay, now part of Castine, in order to prevent the ships of Boston, Newburyport, Salem and Marblehead from making this Maine seaport their base in their raids upon British commerce. The British troops then built a fort two hundred and fifty feet square, called Fort George, on the high ground of the peninsula. Its outline is still standing, and the remains of the dungeon are clearly visible. The interior to-day furnishes a convenient practice field for the Castine Baseball Club, and the earthworks afford excellent bunkers for the Castine Golf Club.

The news of the occupation of Castine by the enemy caused consternation among the Eastern Colonies, and orders were issued by the General Court to fit out an expedition to dispossess the English of their newly acquired territory. The Board of War was ordered to equip the *Warren* and the *Providence* and other vessels, to muster 1,200 militia and 100 artillery, and to collect ammunition, provisions and supplies of all kinds. The fleet of nineteen ships, under the command of Dudley Saltonstall, of New London, was probably the strongest naval force furnished by New England during the Revolution. The cost was £1,739,174 11s. 4d. and proved to be a large burden on the Colony.

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The expedition arrived off the Fox Islands on the 24th of July, and on the 26th the marines attacked one of the enemy's positions with success, capturing their flag. General Lovell then decided that a combined land and naval attack should be made, but Commodore Saltonstall believed for some reason that this would not be a prudent move. Therefore, on the 28th, General Lovell determined to carry out his land attack alone. He was completely successful, his soldiers scaling the precipitous bluffs and capturing a position on the plateau above. The ascent of this cliff in the face of veteran troops was regarded as one of the most brilliant exploits of the entire war. While General Lovell's troops were encamped near Fort George one of his men, while going beyond the lines for a pail of water, was twice fired upon by sixty or more English soldiers, and much to their astonishment the New Englander didn't receive a scratch. The Commodore still would not agree to push forward with his fleet until General Lovell began his attack on Fort George, therefore the latter determined to push forward against the fort and to rely upon the fleet to back him up. As the ships were weighing anchor a fleet of British reinforcements was seen approaching, whereupon the Massachusetts troops immediately had to retreat and embark on their transports. Again Commodore Saltonstall would not attack, but set sail for the Bagaduce River, at the head of the harbour of Castine. There was nothing now for the soldiers to do except to escape to shore, leaving their transports to run aground or to be captured by the enemy. General Lovell endeavored to collect his forces but without avail, and after much suffering and hardship he and his men found their way back to Boston in small detachments. Captain Wadsworth some time later was captured by the British in his home at Thomaston, and was imprisoned in a jail in Castine, from which he made a miraculous escape.

The American ships-of-war sailed into the Bagaduce trap and were all captured or burned. A hostile fleet of seven sail had beaten and destroyed the entire fleet of nineteen vessels. The defeat was a disgraceful one. Paul Revere left his ordnance brig and went ashore at Fort Pownal. This ship, with all the artillery and ammunition, was deserted, but made her way alone up the river for several miles, where she was finally burned. About twenty-five of the English soldiers died of smallpox a few years later and were buried on Lasell's Island, which is about half-way between Rockland and Islesboro. It is said that their graves can still be seen.

The failure of the expedition depleted the treasury of the Province and caused such excitement that the General Court appointed a committee to examine into and report the causes of failure. This committee consisted of Generals Michael Farley and Jonathan Titcomb, Colonel Moses Little, Major Samuel Osgood, James Prescott, Generals Artemas Ward and Timothy Danielson, Hon. William Sever and Francis Dana. Artemas Ward was the chairman. General Lovell was entirely exonerated, the blame being placed on the failure of the fleet to advance in conjunction with the land forces. Paul Revere was somewhat censured for his conduct, a somewhat extraordinary happening, as he was usually very efficient in his undertakings.

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Besides being a soldier he was a goldsmith, coppersmith, operated the first powder mill in the Province, took part in the Tea Party, was an engraver, owned a bell foundry at the North End and a manufacturing company for copper bolts, etc., at Canton, Mass., and was also President of the Mechanics Charitable Association.

It is not generally known that he as well as many others at this time also practised dentistry in conjunction with other trades, as shown by the following notices which appeared in Boston on July 19, 1770:—

Paul Revere takes this method of returning his most sincere thanks to the gentlemen and ladies who have employed him in the care of their teeth. He would now inform them and all others, who are so unfortunate as to lose their teeth by accident or otherwise, that he still continues the business of a dentist and flatters himself that from the experience he has had these two years (in which time he has fixt some hundreds of teeth) that he can fix them as well as any Surgeon Dentist who ever came from London. He fixes them in such a manner that they are not only an ornament but of real use in speaking and eating; he cleanses the teeth and will wait on any gentleman or lady at their lodgings. He may be spoke with at his shop opposite Dr. Clark's at the North End, where the gold and silver-smith business is carried on in all its branches.

WHEREAS MANY PERSONS ARE SO unfortunate as to lose their fore-teeth by accident and otherwise, to their great detriment, not only in looks but speaking, both in public and private;—this is to inform all such that they may have them replaced with false ones that look as well as the natural and answer the end of speaking to all intents. By Paul Revere, Goldsmith, near the head of Dr. Clark's wharf, Boston.

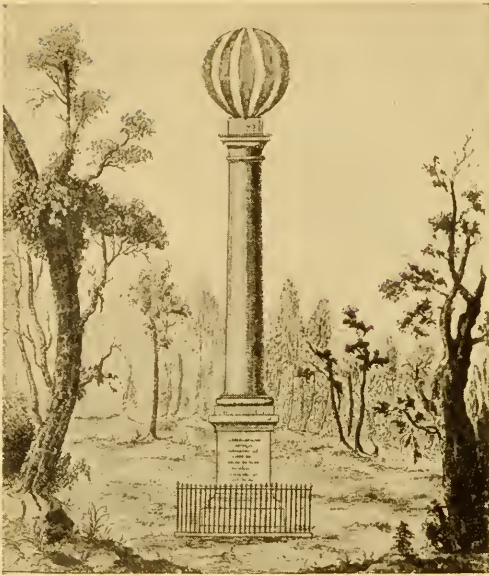
All persons who have had false teeth fixed by Mr. John Baker, Surgeon Dentist, and they have got loose (as they will in time) may have them fastened by the above who learnt the method of fixing them from Mr. Baker.

It is interesting to know that Castine has been owned at different times by five nations, Dutch, Indians, French, English and Americans, and several sea fights have taken place between this harbour and the Island of Islesboro directly opposite. In 1813 the English cut a canal across the mainland from the Bagaduce River to Wadsworth Cove to enable their ships to escape should they ever be suddenly attacked. The remains of this canal can still be seen.

DR. JOHN JEFFRIES OF BOSTON—THE FIRST AMERICAN TO FLY OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

To-day, when the air-craft is so much talked about, it is interesting and instructive to recall the unique experience of Dr. Jeffries, who, on January 7, 1785, flew across the English Channel in a balloon with a Frenchman named François Blanchard. The only condition upon which Blanchard would take him was that if it were necessary to lighten the balloon his guest should jump overboard, and there were several times on the trip across when Dr. Jeffries must have had his agreement most unpleasantly brought to mind. Even when they were making preparations to start, Blanchard put on a girdle to increase his weight so that he would have an excuse not to take the Bostonian with him, which wasn't very fair, as Dr. Jeffries had paid

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The column erected by public authority to commemorate the event, and placed in the Forest of Guisnes, on the spot where Dr. Jeffries and Mr. Blanchard alighted after their aerial voyage from England into France on the 7th of January, 1785. From a print in the Bostonian Society rooms.

Continent and arrested the progress of the balloon, it was necessary for them both to search for an entirely new supply of clothing. The landing was made near the place where Henry the Eighth, King of England, and Francis the First, King of France, held their famous interview on a plain known afterwards as "The Field of Cloth of Gold," which was between Ardres and Guisnes, near Calais. The voyage consumed about three hours. A monument with a balloon-like



Dr. John Jeffries in the balloon. From a print in the Bostonian Society rooms.

ball Blanchard's expenses so far and had also guaranteed the cost of the trip.

The cliffs of Dover were black with people as the balloon and its two occupants sailed away toward France. Soon after starting they had to throw out ballast, then Dr. Jeffries' pamphlets, next their biscuits, apples, etc., then the ornaments of the car, and even the only bottle they had with them (the contents of which have never been disclosed!). Finally, as they neared the French coast, the balloon again descended so rapidly that they began to throw over the clothes they were wearing, one article of apparel after another, and when finally Dr. Jeffries caught hold of the topmost branch of one of the trees on the shore of the

ball on its apex was later erected upon this spot in commemoration of their wonderful trip, and Blanchard received a gift of money from the King. The Doctor read a paper describing his voyage before the Royal Society of London in January, 1786.

A preliminary trial took place from London to Kent, and Dr. Jeffries was obliged to give his pilot one hundred guineas before he was allowed to go as a passenger. The place of ascent was near Grosvenor Square, the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Devonshire and others of the nobility being present.

For some curious reason Blanchard had a grievance against Dr. Jeffries, and when he came to Philadelphia eight years later he publicly insulted the Doctor by

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placing on the door of his carriage a picture of Jeffries in the balloon holding a bottle of brandy to his mouth. A motto underneath intimated that he was obliged to resort to this "Dutch courage" to enable him to undergo the ordeal of the dangerous trip.

Dr. Jeffries was born in Boston in 1745 and was a most interesting character. During the Revolution his sympathies were always with the British. General Joseph Warren, the day before the Battle of Bunker Hill, implored him to "come over on the right side," and, on the next day, it was Dr. Jeffries who found and identified the body of General Warren while he was attending to his duties as surgeon in the King's army. He accompanied the English troops to Halifax after the evacuation of Boston, went to London in 1780 and returned to Boston in 1789, when he delivered the first public lecture on anatomy ever given in New England. His hobby, however, was always ballooning. Dr. Jeffries was very popular, especially with the old ladies of Boston, who usually called him "Dr. Jeffers." He was a consulting physician, and Dr. Samuel A. Green said that if "he were seen entering a sick man's door it was very likely to mean nothing more nor less than a 'nunc dimittis.'" He died in Boston in 1819.

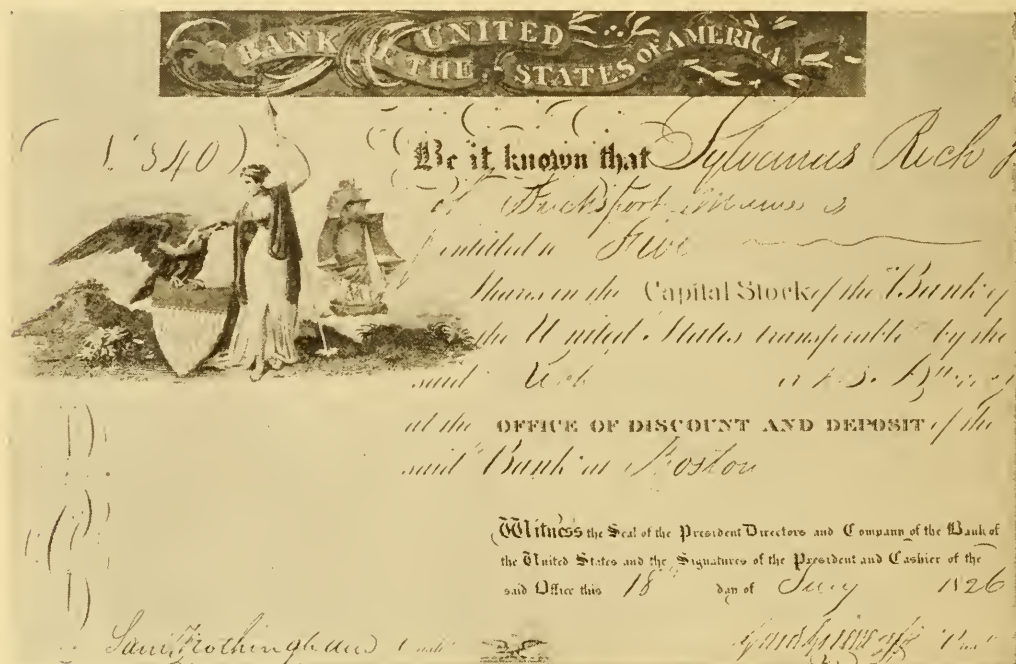
THE FIRST UNITED STATES BANK IN BOSTON

Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury, conceived the idea of a government bank as early as 1779. His belief was that such an institution would help to support public credit and that it would also enable the richer men to co-operate with the Government. The bill for its establishment was signed by Washington on February 25, 1791, and three branches opened in January of the following year at Boston, Baltimore and New York, the head office being of course in Philadelphia. Five more were added later on in the following cities: Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans and Washington. The Boston Branch was the third in size, with a capital of \$700,000. The total capital of the Bank was \$10,000,000, the Government subscribing \$2,000,000 of this amount. The first President of the parent Bank was Thomas Willing, and he received the large salary of \$3,000. The first head of the Boston Branch was Thomas Russell, and the cashier was Peter Roe Dalton. George Cabot, a close friend of Alexander Hamilton, became President of the Boston Branch in 1810. The parent institution had twenty-five directors and each branch nine. Among some of the earliest of the Boston directors we find the names of Joseph Barrell, John Codman, Caleb Davis, Christopher Gore, John C. Jones, John Lowell, Theodore Lyman, J. Mason, Jr., Joseph Russell, Jr., David Sears, Israel Thorndike and William Wetmore.

Within four years after the opening of the United States Bank the Government had to borrow two-thirds of its total capital, and President Willing was placed in the embarrassing situation of being obliged to ask to have this loan reduced. Accordingly, in 1797 the Government had to sell its shares, which netted a huge profit of \$671,860 on the original investment. Most of this stock was sold abroad at \$145 per share, and the purchasers later on suffered severe

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losses. In 1811 the Bank's charter expired. There then ensued "a party dispute, and as the Democrats had an assured majority in Congress, it was a foregone conclusion that the fate of the Bank was sealed. Gallatin favored a renewal of the charter, but many were opposed to this plan, owing to the fact that such a large amount of stock had been sold in Europe, and it was feared that this would mean sending money abroad. The vote in the Senate was a tie, 17 to 17, and Vice-President Clinton, an enemy of Gallatin's, cast the deciding vote, and the First Bank of the United States perished on March 14, 1811. The Bank liquidated at 109, the stock having sold in 1802 at \$153 a share. It was brought out in the debates in Congress that the Boston Branch was conducted with "correctness, integrity and impartiality."



Certificate of unredeemed stock of the Second United States Bank. Photographed through the kindness of Mr. F. H. Curtiss of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston.

The deposits just before closing amounted to only \$7,800,000, Boston having \$1,500,000. The largest Government deposit at any time was \$5,500,000, which would seem small to-day; the largest in Boston was \$1,173,000 in 1806. United States deposits drew no interest. The Bank from the income point of view was most successful, paying an average of $8\frac{1}{16}$ per cent. to its shareholders. The first location was on the site of the present Brazer Building; later, on the site of the present Exchange Building, and finally on Congress Street, near State Street.

Some of the early rules of the Bank are most interesting. One by-law provided that the rate on loans should never be below 5 per cent. nor over 6 per cent. There were only two days a week when discounts could be submitted, and the Bank had two days to decide on loans. No borrower could obtain money for over sixty days, and in most of the few banks existing at this time no one could borrow over \$5,000, and every loan had to be paid at maturity.

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The Second United States Bank was started in 1817 and dissolved in 1836, chiefly owing to the fact that President Jackson withdrew all the government deposits in 1833. The capital was \$35,000,000, of which the Government subscribed \$7,000,000. The Boston Branch endeavored to purchase the Old State House, but finally erected a fine building on the present site of the Merchants Bank. The pillars furnished such desirable roosting places for pigeons that the President had wooden cats placed where the pigeons were accustomed to perch. They were at first frightened away, but later could be seen roosting even on the cats themselves.

LAUNCHING OF THE "CONSTITUTION"

"Come all ye Yankee heroes, come listen to my song,
I'll tell you of a bloody fight before that it be long,
It was of the *Constitution*, from Boston she set sail,
To cruise along the coast, my boys, our rights for to maintain."

After two unsuccessful attempts *Old Ironsides*, the "Pride of the American Navy," was launched on October 21, 1797. Only a few people were present. On the first previous attempt she slid only eight feet down the ways and disappointed hundreds of spectators who lined the shore of Noddle's Island, now East Boston. The second attempt was also a failure, and the *Constitution* was considered an "ill-fated ship." At half past twelve on that cold October day she glided gracefully upon the water, Captain Nicholson, her commander, breaking over her bows a bottle of choice Madeira from the cellar of the Hon. Thomas Russell, one of Boston's leading merchants. The launching took place at Edmund Hart's shipyard, now known as Constitution Wharf, on Atlantic Avenue. An incident occurred just before the launching that aroused Commodore Nicholson's wrath. He gave notice that he himself wished to hoist the flag, but while he was at lunch two workmen, Samuel Bentley and Isaac Harris, raised the Stars and Stripes. Harris atoned for his mistake by climbing some years after to the roof of the Old South Church and putting out a serious fire that threatened its destruction.

The *Constitution* was designed by Joshua Humphreys, of Philadelphia, and was constructed under the guidance of Colonel George Clagborne, of New Bedford. Her length was 175 feet, and she carried 400 men. Her cost was \$302,718.84. She was distinctly a Boston ship. John T. Morgan, a Boston shipwright, chose the wood; Paul Revere furnished the copper bolts and spikes for \$3,820.33, by a process known only to him; and Ephraim Thayer, whose shop was in the South End, made the gun carriages. The same Isaac Harris, just mentioned, made her new masts in 1812. Her sails were made in the Old Granary, which stood on the site of Park Street Church, her anchors were made at Hanover, Mass., and the duck for the sails was manufactured by a company which stood on the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets. Boston was not only the city of her birth, but the home to which she returned after many of her triumphs. In 1812 Commodore Hull brought her into Boston Harbour after his wonderful escape from the

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British squadron, then later she came in after the fight with the *Guerrière*; and still again Commodore Bainbridge brought her home after having captured the *Java*. Commodore Macdonough commanded her when she sailed from Boston in 1826. No ship ever saw so much action or had such a romantic history. Her glorious career is chiefly responsible for the downfall of England's naval supremacy at this time. Before the war of 1812 Great Britain had boasted that

“Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode.”



The “*Constitution*” and other American ships-of-war bombarding Tripoli. From an old print.

In the early part of April of 1814, the *Constitution* was chased into Marblehead by the *Montague*, and it was reported that three frigates were in pursuit. The New England Guards marched to her defence, but discovered when they were almost there that they had forgotten every bit of ammunition. One of the company was Abbott Lawrence, afterwards our Minister to England, who hurried out to join his troops in his pumps, which he finally contrived to exchange with a countryman for a pair of brogans and with the loss of five dollars.

The *Constitution* was hauled out in the new dry-docks in 1833 and launched again in June of the next year, having been thoroughly overhauled by Josiah Barker, whose shipyard occupied the site of the present Navy Yard. In this yard there is one of the famous umbrellas that was used to warp the frigate away from Broke's squadron, in July, 1812. At this time occurred the affair of the figurehead. An image of President Andrew Jackson had been

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placed on the bow, and this action caused much dissatisfaction, as the President had become very unpopular. On the 3rd of July Captain Samuel Dewey performed the daring feat of sawing off the head, and upon his return to shore he and his friends celebrated the event. The author of the deed remained undiscovered for some time, but finally he took the head to Dickinson, then Secretary of the Navy, saying that he wished to return it to the Government. The morning after the strange disappearance of the figurehead young Dewey was missing. His mother suspected that her son knew who was responsible, so she went down to the back yard and



FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION" PETITION.

Taken three-quarters of an hour before Congress convened. The only petition which was ever placed on the floor of the House in the whole history of the United States. Congressman McCall presented it.

licked the sole of one of his boots which was hanging on the line. It tasted of salt, which confirmed her suspicions. The *Constitution* sailed with a piece of canvas painted to represent the American Flag over the beheaded image. At New York a new head was put on and this time with a copper bolt.

The *Constitution* has often been represented on the stage, and one of the most exciting scenes showed the *Guerrière's* mast going overboard and Commodore Hull repeating his famous remark, "Hurrah, my boys, we've made a brig of her, next time we'll make her a sloop."

In 1906 Mr. Eric Pape was instrumental in having a petition signed which was presented to Congress and which saved the *Constitution* from being taken out to sea and used as a target, as had been suggested. This petition, a picture of which we show in the cut above, was

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signed by the Governor and almost all the living ex-Governors of the Commonwealth, by seventy Mayors and ex-Mayors, by twenty-five survivors of the crew, by twelve of Bainbridge's grandchildren and by many of the descendants of Stewart and Hull; also one of the signatures on the petition was that of Mrs. Susan L. Clarke, of Boston, who was almost ninety years old at the time, and who was a daughter of the fifer of the *Constitution* in all of her three great battles. The paper was also signed by thirty thousand other citizens of this Commonwealth. The petition was divided into three parts, one of which was open for public signatures at City Hall, one at the old State House, and the third at the Branch Office of the State Street Trust Company. It measured one hundred and seventy feet long, and the names are signed nine and ten abreast.

The wonderful verses of Oliver Wendell Holmes are also responsible to a large extent for her preservation:—

“Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale.”

It is with pride that Boston people will look back and remember that to Massachusetts and especially to Boston belongs the credit of having saved *Old Ironsides*.

LAFAYETTE LAYS THE CORNER-STONE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

Lafayette, at the age of sixty-seven, journeyed almost five thousand miles through sixteen Republics in less than four months in order to lay the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument at the celebration commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Few persons believed that he would really come over here, and when he appeared at the State House on the 16th of June, in the year 1825, the people of New England were almost wild with delight. He was met by Governor Lincoln, the Senate, House of Representatives and City officials, and in reply to the addresses of welcome, he said that Bunker Hill had been the pole-star upon which his eyes had been fixed. While here he stayed at the house of Senator Lloyd in Pemberton Square.

The procession, which was in charge of General Lyman, was headed by two hundred officers and soldiers of the Revolution, followed by forty veterans who had taken part in the fight at Bunker Hill. Many of them wore the same cartridge boxes they used fifty years before, and one old soldier carried the same drum that he had with him in the battle. Before the procession started Mayor Quincy, who was master of ceremonies, had the honor of introducing the survivors of the great battle to Lafayette, and the ceremony must have been pathetic and impressive. He was drawn in the parade

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by six white horses. The head of the procession reached the monument before the rear had left the Common. The pyramid which had been built on the hill had been removed, and from one of the timbers a cane had been turned out, which was presented, suitably inscribed, to the man who at the age of nineteen volunteered his services and risked his life to help make America free.

Lafayette then laid the corner-stone according to Masonic regulations. The addresses were made in a huge amphitheatre on the northeast side of the hill, Lafayette occupying a seat on the front part of the platform, with the survivors of the battle just behind him. He himself was the last surviving Major General of the American Revolutionary Army. Dr. Dexter, who had been in the battle, offered the prayer, and Daniel Webster was the orator of the day. When he had finished his speech some one in the audience was introduced to him. He said he couldn't believe he really was Daniel Webster, the wonderful orator, because he understood every word he said. A banquet was held immediately after the addresses, and Lafayette proposed his well-known toast, which is especially interesting in view of the frightful condition in which Europe finds herself to-day. His words were: "Bunker Hill, and that holy resistance to oppression, which has already enfranchised the American hemisphere. The anniversary toast at the jubilee of the next half century will be, to Europe freed." Mr. Thomas Upham, now living at 332 Commonwealth Avenue, was present when the corner-stone was laid ninety-one years ago.

Daniel Webster later held a large reception for Lafayette, and in order to accommodate his many guests he cut a door into the adjoining house belonging to Israel Thorndike. The General also attended a reception at the house of Mr. R. C. Derby, and he was there introduced to a lady with whom he had danced a minuet forty-seven years before. Dr. Bowditch describes how he determined to watch the procession from the steps of a house, and to his surprise found himself running along beside Lafayette's carriage yelling at the top of his voice. It was on Lafayette's visit the year before, in 1824, that he agreed to return to take part in the Bunker Hill celebration. As he passed the residence of the late John Hancock, Mayor Quincy turned to Lafayette and said that the widow of his deceased friend was sitting in the window opposite the carriage. He immediately turned and placed his hand on his heart, whereupon she burst into tears and said, "I have lived long enough." The words in the arch which was placed over Washington Street expressed the deep feeling of love and veneration in which Lafayette was held by all Americans. The last two lines of the inscription were,—

"We bow not the neck, and we bend not the knee;
But our hearts, Lafayette, we surrender to thee."

He also visited Governor Brooks at Medford. An arch over the meeting-house had on it the following:—

"General Lafayette, Welcome to our Hills and Brooks."

Lafayette said good-bye to Boston for the last time on June 22, 1825, to go on a tour of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. As he left Mayor Quincy at the State line he kissed him. In describing

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the parting to one of his friends of the fairer sex, she replied, "If Lafayette had kissed me, I would never have washed my face again."

The French refused to allow his American friends to erect a statue of him in Paris, but later the Government of France presented to New York his statue which now stands in Central Park. Lafayette died in 1834. This country should never forget that France emptied her arsenals and impoverished herself to help America.

THE GRANITE RAILWAY COMPANY—THE FIRST RAILROAD IN AMERICA

The Granite Railway was the first railroad built in America. The road was about three and one-half miles in length and ran from "furnace lot" and several of the quarries in Quincy through East Milton to a wharf which was built at an expense of \$30,000 at the elbow in the Neponset River not far from Granite Bridge. This old wharf is still in existence and is used now by boys for swimming. The origin of the road is interesting. In 1824 Joshua Torrey of Quincy began to build a canal to save part of the long cartage for granite, and in the following year some enterprising citizens formed the Quincy Canal Corporation, which enabled small sloops to approach within a mile of the quarries in Quincy. Both of these enterprises, however, ended in failure. About this same time Gridley Bryant, a noted engineer in Boston, purchased, with Dr. John C. Warren, a stone quarry in Quincy, since called the Bunker Hill Quarry. Bryant and Colonel Thomas H. Perkins had heard of the possibility of the building of the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad in England and conceived the idea of starting the Granite Railway for the purpose of procuring large quantities of the excellent granite for the construction of Bunker Hill Monument. In spite of a great deal of opposition in the Legislature the Charter for the Granite Railway Company was obtained in March, 1826, the incorporators being Colonel Perkins, William Sullivan, Amos Lawrence, David Moody, Gridley Bryant, the builder of the road, and Solomon Willard, the architect of the monument. Many of the members of the Legislature quite naturally questioned the incorporators of the enterprise as to what they knew about railroads, wondering, at the same time, whether it was right to empower a corporation to purchase people's land for a project about which so little was known. It may be interesting to know that Amos Lawrence bought a quarry in Gloucester, believing that it might assist in building the monument, in which he was much interested. There were, however, no facilities for transporting this granite, and this property was handed down through several generations of the family, until last year when it was sold by the executors of the estate of Amory A. Lawrence. The first cars passed over the Granite Railway Company's Road on October 7, 1826, the train of several cars being drawn by horses. The gradual descent from Quincy to the water made it a simple matter to transport the granite, and the horses were easily able to drag the empty cars back. The road was operated by horse-power for forty years, then remained idle for a short time, and in 1871 was purchased by the Old Colony Railroad. The spur track

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from the wharf to the Granite Branch was operated by oxen as late as 1899, when the Old Colony Railroad sent its first engine as far as the quarry.

The road was constructed in the following manner: Its gauge was five feet, and stone sleepers were placed about eight feet apart. Upon these sleepers wooden rails six inches wide and twelve inches high were placed. Iron plates three inches wide and one-fourth of an inch thick were fastened with spikes to these rails. At all public crossings stone rails were used, upon which the iron plates were firmly bolted to the stone. In the course of a few years the wooden rails began to decay, and stone rails were substituted, the original sleepers being



Map showing location of the Granite Railway from Quincy Quarries to Neponset River. From an original print in the possession of the Quincy Historical Society.

used. On account of its construction the upkeep of the road for a good many years was less than ten dollars a year. Parts of the old road are still to be seen, and passing southerly over the route of the first railroad in America is seen one of the old railroad frogs and a section of the superstructure now standing at Squantum Street, East Milton, on the line of the Granite Branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. This frog and old stone rail were exhibited at the Chicago Fair. The capital of the enterprise was originally \$100,000, which was later increased to \$250,000. The cost was about \$60,000 per mile. In 1846 permission was given to the road to cross Granite Bridge and join a branch railroad about to be constructed from Milton village to the Old Colony Railroad, to be called the Dorchester & Milton Branch Railroad. The company was also authorized to construct branches not over one and one-half miles in length which

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must be placed within half a mile of the quarry. Passengers were also allowed to be carried. The Company started solely as a railroad proposition, then purchased its own quarry in Quincy, and later another one in Concord, N.H. The contract to supply stones to the Bunker Hill Monument specified a charge of 50c. per ton for carrying the stone from the quarry to the wharf at Milton and an additional sum of 40c. for each ton conveyed from there to Charlestown. The railroad purchased the vessel *Robin Hood* in order to carry out the latter part of this contract.

Every share of stock was bought up by Colonel Perkins, and when he died in 1854 his holdings were sold to several individuals who continued to work the quarries with great profit until 1864 when the stock again changed hands. In 1870 the officers and directors were: President, John S. Tyler; Vice-President, John C. Pratt; Treasurer,



Train of cars on the Granite Railway, and Railway Hotel. From an original print in the possession of the Quincy Historical Society.

George Lewis; the Directors being Benjamin Bradley, John Felt Osgood, William B. Sewall, John D. Parker, and the Treasurer, George Lewis. Mr. Henry E. Sheldon, who only recently died in East Milton, was the General Manager from 1876 to 1898.

Some of the later directors of the Company were Harold J. Coolidge, W. S. Patten, and Dr. John A. Lamson. Luther S. Anderson, of Quincy, assumed the management of the Company in April, 1899, and in 1907 he was appointed treasurer, which office, together with that of manager, he held until his death in September, 1914. Many important changes in the plant were made during his term of office, so that, at his death, it was accounted the most valuable quarry property in Quincy. Under the present officers the same progressive methods are being pursued. At this time Henry M. Faxon, of Quincy, is president and treasurer; Charles E. Morey, of Boston, vice-president; Stillman P. Williams, Henry H. Kimball, and Alva Morrison, directors.

Quincy granite was, and is, well known, and many important buildings have been built of this material, including the old Boston Custom

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House, the old Tremont House, the old Astor House in New York, Boston City Hall, the old Horticultural Hall, the old Equitable Life Assurance Society Building in New York, as well as several buildings belonging to prominent insurance companies in Hartford, Conn., and also the New Orleans Custom House. Before 1800 the quarries were worked very little.

MAYOR THEODORE LYMAN PROTECTS WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON FROM THE MOB

William Lloyd Garrison would undoubtedly have been ducked in the "Frog Pond," and might have lost his life, had not Theodore Lyman, who was Mayor of Boston at the time, held a mob at bay long enough to enable the great anti-slavery agitator to escape.

A meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society was arranged for October 21, 1835, at the office of the *Liberator*, which was Garrison's newspaper. It was believed that George Thompson, a Scotch abolitionist, was going to speak, and on the morning of the day of the meeting anonymous handbills were distributed announcing that the "infamous foreigner" intended to "hold forth," and calling upon the citizens to "snake him out." A purse of one hundred dollars was offered to the man "who would first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar-kettle before dark." Mayor Lyman therefore sent a messenger to Mr. Garrison to find out whether the objectionable Thompson was going to put in an appearance, and learning that he was not even in Boston he consequently took no unusual precautions to prevent disturbance. There was, however, a large crowd in front of the *Liberator* office, and only about thirty women were able to force their way into the hall.

The Mayor was soon told that it looked as if there would be a riot, and he therefore went to the lecture room with more constables.

Thousands of people in the street cried for "Thompson! Thompson!" The Mayor promptly assured them that he was not even in Boston, and begged them to disperse, but their vengeance turned on Garrison, with shouts of "We must have Garrison! Out with him! Lynch him!" The Mayor with a few police officers held the staircase and kept the mob back. He then went upstairs and induced the women to leave the hall, and the next step he took was to persuade Garrison to escape by the rear passage of the building. While the sign of the Society was being torn down and destroyed, Garrison got out of the rear window onto a shed from which he entered a carpenter's shop in hopes of being able to get into Wilson's Lane. Unfortunately he was discovered by the crowd and had to hide in a corner behind a pile of boards. Several of the rioters again found him and dragged him to a window with the intention of hurling him to the ground. Some one relented, however, and suggested that they "shouldn't kill him outright." A rope was tied around his body, and he was lowered down a ladder into the hands of the angry mob. A friendly voice yelled, "He shan't be hurt! He is an American!" which seemed somewhat to calm the crowd, who dragged him in his shirt sleeves through Wilson's Lane into State Street, in the rear of City Hall,



William T. G. Morton, M.D., Boston, making the first public demonstration of etherization at the Massachusetts General Hospital, surrounded by the medical staff of that institution.

From left to right:

1. Dr. Henry J. Bigelow
2. Dr. Augustus A. Gould

3. Dr. J. Mason Warren
4. Dr. John C. Warren

5. Dr. William T. G. Morton
6. Dr. Samuel Parkman

7. Dr. George Hayward
8. Dr. T. D. Townsend

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then the Old State House, shouting, "To the Common! To the Frog Pond with him!" Garrison was rescued and taken by the Mayor and the City authorities into the City's rooms in the Old State House, where he was supplied with new pantaloons, coat, stock, cap, etc. Here Mayor Lyman again defied the crowd, declaring that the Law must be maintained, and furthermore that he would lay down his life on the spot to preserve order. He then made an address to the people outside. After careful deliberation it was decided that the only safe place for Garrison was the jail, and therefore with his consent he was considered a rioter and ordered by Sheriff Parkman to the Leverett Street jail. The rioters followed the carriage, but the driver had a good pair of horses and a long whip which enabled him to elude his pursuers, who tried to hold on to the horses and the wheels of the carriage, and even tried to cut the traces and reins and to pull Garrison out of the window. The Mayor ran on foot and arrived just before the hack. It was said that Garrison thoroughly appreciated this happy contrivance, meaning the prison, and in a public meeting he jokingly said that he was never so glad to get into a jail in his life.

At this time Boston really had no police, only about thirty night watchmen and six day watchmen. It can be readily seen what a difficult task the Mayor had in quelling the riot without bloodshed. A gallows had been erected in front of Garrison's door, and it was therefore thought advisable to guard his house that night.

THE FIRST ETHER OPERATION

The "Death of Pain," so called by Dr. Weir Mitchell, took place on October 16, 1846, when the first public operation was performed with the aid of ether. The credit for this discovery, which was the greatest gift of American medicine to mankind, belongs chiefly to Dr. W. T. G. Morton, though others doubtless deserve some credit. Dr. Crawford W. Long of Georgia holds the honor of making the first trial of ether inhalation in surgical operations; and Dr. Horace Wells, a dentist of Hartford, and once a partner of Dr. Morton, a few years later administered gas while extracting teeth. Dr. Wells at one time journeyed to Boston to exhibit his discovery, but the result was such a failure that the poor dentist returned to Hartford and died suddenly while experimenting with chloroform.

Dr. Morton's life is most varied and interesting. He was born near Worcester in 1819, but, being obliged to leave school early in life, he moved to Boston, where he entered a publishing house. His partners duped him, and he then determined to study dentistry in Baltimore. Previous to his discovery patients were given brandy, laudanum, and even opium in some cases. Occasionally mesmerism was tried with doubtful results. Usually, however, surgeons relied upon their own strength to hold down the patient, often using pulleys to set the limb. Dr. Morton at once realized the relief that the application of ether would be to dentistry, and he gave his whole time to the study of medicine and different gases at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He soon established a "tooth mill" to manufacture artificial teeth, and this plant was supposed to "supply teeth

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which would rival those of the freshest country beauties." He gave up a lucrative business and valuable clients, such as William Ropes, Alexander H. Ladd, of Portsmouth, Andrew Robeson, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, and others, to further his investigation. His first experiment was upon his dog, and was so successful that he jocosely told his friend, Dr. Hayden, and his lawyer, R. H. Dana, Jr., that soon he should have his "patients come in at one door, having all their teeth extracted without pain, and then, going into the next room, have a full set put in." A short time later while again etherizing his dog the animal struck his ether bottle and broke it. Morton placed his handkerchief over the broken bottle and then holding it to his nostrils



Room in Massachusetts General Hospital arranged as it was when the first ether operation was performed. It is in this room that the anniversary exercises are held each year.

soon became unconscious. He was so encouraged that he then began to hunt around the wharves for a person who would submit to a test, but he discovered that while they would gladly render themselves unconscious with bad rum, they could not be bribed to take ether. His next step was to use gas in extracting a tooth for Eben H. Frost, at his office at No. 19 Tremont Row, now Tremont Street, opposite the old Museum, on September 30, 1846. This experiment was so successful that he asked permission of Dr. John C. Warren, then senior surgeon at the Massachusetts General Hospital, to administer his ether there. Dr. Warren had a patient named Gilbert Abbott who was suffering from tumor of the jaw, and he allowed Dr. Morton to etherize him. The operation was performed on October 16, 1846, and was entirely successful. Dr. Morton was unavoidably detained and arrived

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at the hospital just as Dr. Warren was about to perform the operation without ether, the latter thinking Dr. Morton did not dare make the experiment. Dr. Warren's first words when the operation was over were, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug."

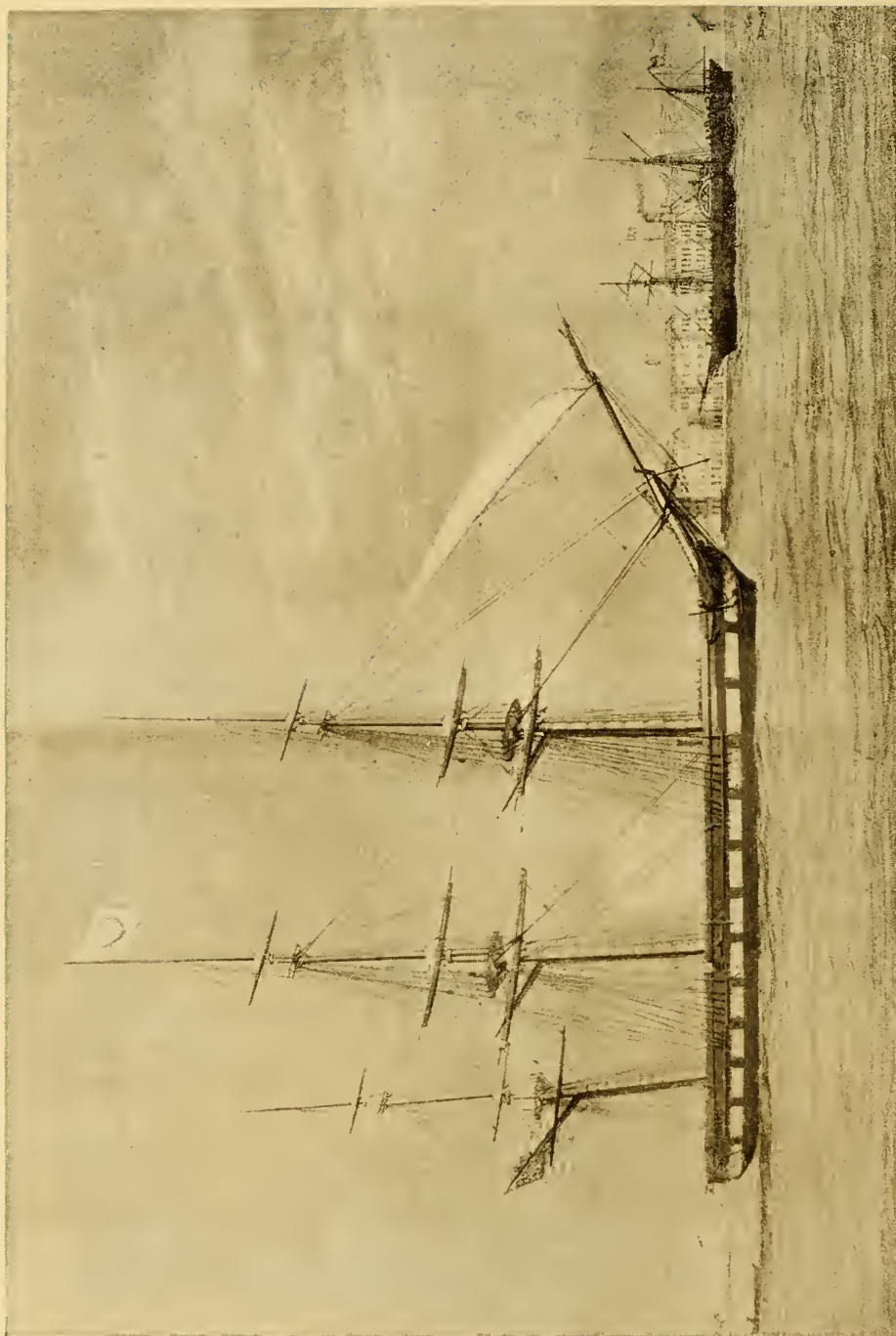
The discovery was then disclosed to the world, through Dr. Warren's efforts and the assistance rendered to Dr. Morton by the hospital. Dr. Warren wrote, "A new era has opened on the operating surgeon," and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in a lecture said in part, "The fierce extremity of suffering has been steeped in the waters of forgetfulness and the deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever." Dr. Holmes also coined the word "anæsthesia."

About a week after this successful trial at the hospital, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, a chemist, demanded a percentage of the profits derived from the sale of the ether or the patents. Much space could be devoted to the quarrel between these two doctors and to Dr. Morton's repeated attempts to get his invention patented. Ether was used so generally that Dr. Morton finally called himself "the only person in the world to whom this discovery has so far been a pecuniary loss." In 1848 the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital and other citizens presented him, as the true discoverer, with \$1,000. He figured his profits due to the discovery at \$1,600 and his expenses at \$187,561. During his controversy with Dr. Jackson, some one suggested that the only way of settling the dispute would be to have a duel between the two belligerents with ether bottles, and he who remained conscious the longer should be declared the winner. Several times a bill very nearly went through Congress carrying an appropriation of \$100,000. Dr. Morton spent the latter years of his life on his farm in Wellesley, which he called "Etherton," the Wellesley Public Library being to-day on part of his place. He died of apoplexy while driving in Central Park, New York, and although he died a poor and unsuccessful man, never does a day go by without his discovery bringing joy to suffering humanity. Exercises are held at the Massachusetts General Hospital every year on the 16th of October to commemorate this discovery.

A monument, the gift of Thomas Lee of Boston, in the Public Garden near the head of Marlboro Street, was erected to the discoverer of ether, and the inscription reads as follows:—

TO COMMEMORATE
THE DISCOVERY
THAT THE INHALING OF ETHER
CAUSES INSENSIBILITY TO PAIN.
FIRST PROVED TO THE WORLD
AT THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL
OCTOBER 16, 1846.

It has often been asked why Dr. Morton's name wasn't on the monument. It certainly should be. Dr. Holmes said that the inscription should read to "Either."



SLOOP-OF-WAR "JAMESTOWN"

Entering Cork Harbour on her errand of mercy. From an old print.

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THE "JAMESTOWN" EXPEDITION TO IRELAND

New England came promptly to the assistance of famine-stricken Ireland in 1847, and by generous contributions was able partially to repay that country's kindness in sending food in 1676 to our starving Puritans in Massachusetts. A mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, where Edward Everett made a speech which was largely responsible for arousing the interest of New England in this enterprise. It was Everett's father who was usually known as "Boston's Yard Stick"; he was so learned and stood so high in the esteem of Bostonians that all other citizens were measured by and compared with his standard. Soon after this meeting a petition signed by prominent men was sent to Congress asking for the loan of a vessel, and although this country was at war with Mexico, nevertheless the United States man-of-war *Jamestown* was offered by the Government free of expense, Robert C. Winthrop, our representative in Washington, being largely responsible for procuring the ship. The *Constitution* was at one time considered. The Boston Relief Committee was composed of Josiah Quincy, Jr., mayor of the city, P. T. Jackson, Thomas Lee, David Henshaw, J. K. Mills, G. W. Crockett, and J. Ingersoll Bowditch, who acted as treasurer of the fund. The command of the *Jamestown* was intrusted to Captain Robert Bennet Forbes, and it was the first time that a civilian had ever been chosen to command a United States ship-of-war. He used to say that he "was born to eat bad pudding off the Cape of Good Hope." He first went to sea in 1817 at the age of thirteen years, with a Bible, a Bowditch navigator, a "ditty bag," and a box of gingersnaps, which the cabin boy stole the first night out. The *Jamestown* was prepared for sea by Commodore F. A. Parker at the Charlestown Navy Yard, and curiously enough the loading of the supplies was begun on St. Patrick's day. The Laborer's Aid Society, composed of poor Irishmen, offered their services free in placing the provisions on board, and in a few days 800 tons or about 8,000 barrels of grain, meal, etc., were stored in the hold. Massachusetts furnished \$115,000 worth of food, of which Boston's share was \$52,000, while other New England States gave \$36,000. The ship put to sea on the 28th of March, the tug boat *R.B.F.*, with the Relief Committee and other friends on board, escorting down the harbour the "Ship of Peace" as she was called on this trip. She arrived at Cork on April 12, having made the voyage in the extraordinarily quick time of fifteen days, only one tack having been made on the entire voyage. There was much enthusiasm as the *Jamestown* and her valuable cargo moved up the harbour, a band on shore in the mean while playing "Yankee Doodle." The chairman of the reception committee of Cork said in his address that "a thousand lips pale with woe, and a thousand tongues half paralyzed with hunger, uttered the feeble exclamation, 'God Bless America.'" During the evening bonfires blazed from every hill, and most of the houses were illuminated from top to bottom. William Rathbone, a well-known Liverpool merchant, came over to Ireland to superintend the distribution of the cargo. The gratitude of the Irish people was unbounded, and the dinners and receptions given to the officers of the

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Jamestown were too numerous to mention--Whigs and Tories, Conservatives and Repealers, Catholics and Protestants, all paying them their respects. Many of the children born in Ireland at this time were called Boston, Forbes or James, the latter an abbreviation, of course, of *Jamestown*.

One of the foremost of the Relief Committee in Cork was Father Theobald Mathew, who was one of the best known men in Ireland; he was of great assistance to the officers of the *Jamestown* in distributing the supplies. The citizens of Cork presented to our President a flag of Irish manufacture, emblazoned with the arms of the United States, but up to the time of writing its whereabouts had not been discovered. Also a valuable silver tray was given to the captain of the *Jamestown* as well as a painting of the ship entering Cork Harbour. The Government of the United States levied a duty of \$75 against the owner of the platter when it was brought to America. These mementos now belong to one of the family. A banner was also sent to the city of Boston. While visiting a Mr. Jeffries near Blarney Castle, Captain Forbes was presented with a cow, which was shipped home. She was with calf, and her progeny was known for many years as the *Jamestown* breed. The last of this stock died about twelve years ago at Owls Nest Farm, Framingham, the home of Robert Forbes Perkins, Esq.

In forty-nine days the *Jamestown* arrived in Boston, and was turned over to the Government. While at the dock the New England Relief Committee attended a lunch on board, and the provisions served consisted of mutton and poultry which had been stored on board previous to sailing fifty-one days before.

The *Jamestown* served as a hospital ship until a few years ago, when she was condemned as being too old for service. Her wheel, which was procured through the assistance of Hon. George von L. Meyer, when Secretary of the Navy, hangs on the wall of the house of one of the descendants of "Commodore" Forbes.

The *Macedonian* was sent from New York, as well as several other ships from Maine. The Pendletons, a sea-faring family, of Islesboro, Maine, also sent several vessels during the 1847 famine. Great difficulty was encountered in getting a return cargo, and finally it was decided to fill the hold with sods, which were placed on some of the farms in Islesboro. It was discovered some time ago that upon this earth had grown a large number of real Irish shamrocks, which are still alive and which serve as a memento of the part that Maine played during the famine.

The Boston *Post* wrote at the time the *Jamestown* was about to sail, that "this vessel is associated with one of the noblest charities on record"; and on her arrival the Cork *Advertiser* spoke of the undertaking as the "noblest offering that nation ever made to nation." This expedition was very similar to those undertaken recently by the Belgian relief committee.

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COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW LEADS HIS NEGRO REGIMENT TO THE WAR

When Colonel Shaw led his coloured regiment, the 54th, past the State House before Governor Andrew and then to the steamer at Battery Wharf, thousands of people turned out to cheer "the fugitive slave transformed into a soldier by authority of a liberty-loving State," as expressed by Mayor Quincy in his address at the dedication of the Shaw monument. Governor Andrew believed that a negro regiment ought to be formed and that it would give a good account of itself—and it did. Many of the states had denied them to be "human persons," and the southern leaders frequently alluded to them as "this peculiar kind of property." Colonel Shaw had served as a private in the 7th Regiment of New York and was a commissioned officer in the 2nd Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry when he received a telegram from Governor Andrew asking him to take command of the first coloured regiment to be sent to the front. He rode over with Colonel Charles Morse to the camp of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry and told his friends Major Higginson and Greely Curtis of his new commission. He also added that if either of his two comrades would take his place he would serve under him. Colonel Shaw joined the regiment at Readville in 1863, was married in May and sailed for South Carolina the last of the same month. The regiment and its brave leader were given the chance to assault Fort Wagner on July 18th of the same year. A gallant attack was made, but the garrison was fully prepared and successfully defended the position. The coloured troops reached the walls of the fort, and Colonel Shaw was shot through the heart and killed while actually standing on the ramparts. His last words from the parapet were, "Forward, 54th," and then he fell. The battle lasted two hours, and regiment after regiment was beaten back; the 54th lost two-thirds of its officers and about half its men. The Confederates buried Colonel Shaw and his dead negroes in the same trench, which was a fitting end for this officer, who gave his life to help the Union and the cause of the negro. General Thomas G. Stevenson, who later in the war also lost his life, was in command of the field on the night after the assault, and he ordered all the wounded negro troops brought inside the lines before the white soldiers, fearing that the former might receive ill treatment from the Southerners. Colonel Edward Hallowell and Colonel N. P. Hallowell, who died only recently, were at one time officers of this same regiment.

The capture of Fort Wagner was practically an impossibility, and, as was afterwards proved, the attack was unnecessary. This gallant charge, however, to use the words of Major Henry L. Higginson, proved that "the negroes had won their places as brave, steady soldiers," and, as Governor Wolcott said in his address at the unveiling of the Shaw monument in 1897, it showed "that whatever the colour of the skin, the blood that flowed in the veins of the coloured man was red with the lusty hue of manhood and of heroism." The 54th served throughout the war and was reviewed by Governor Andrew at the State House steps on its return to Boston.

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The dedication of the St. Gaudens monument opposite the State House is so recent as to be remembered by almost every Bostonian. The prime mover in building this memorial was Joshua B. Smith, a fugitive slave, who was in the service of Colonel Shaw's family and later a well-known caterer in Boston. Edward Atkinson was treasurer of the first committee, which was a large one. The second and most active committee comprised only three men, John M. Forbes, Henry Lee and Martin P. Kennard. H. H. Richardson was the architect chosen, and on his death Charles F. McKim took his place. George von L. Meyer, who was then an alderman of the city, obtained an appointment for the construction of the terrace and stone work, Arthur Rotch having suggested the place where the monument now stands. Addresses were made in Music Hall by Colonel Francis H. Appleton, who acted as Chief Marshal, Governor Wolcott, Mayor Quincy, Professor William James,—whose brother was wounded at Fort Wagner,—Colonel Henry Lee and Booker T. Washington, who had been given an honorary degree the year before by Harvard University. Colonel N. P. Hallowell, who commanded the 55th negro regiment in the war, led the battalion of survivors, and, as the statue was unveiled, Battery A fired salutes on the Common, and the *New York*, *Massachusetts* and *Texas* fired their guns in the harbour. The two features of the parade were the 7th Regiment of New York, with which Colonel Shaw first went to the front in 1861, and the members of the coloured 54th. The verse of James Russell Lowell on the monument tells us how Colonel Shaw met his end.

“Right in the van on the red ramparts’ slippery swell
With heart that beat a charge he fell foeward as fits a man;
But the high soul burns on to light men’s feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet.”

The inscription composed by Charles W. Eliot, as well as Major Higginson's address in Sanders Theatre, should be read by every patriotic citizen.

St. Gaudens worked twelve years on this great work, but he must have been fully repaid for his labors by the words of Colonel Shaw's mother—“You have immortalized my native city, you have immortalized my dear son, you have immortalized yourself.”

RETURN OF THE FLAGS TO THE STATE HOUSE

The return of the colours to the State House on Forefathers' Day, December 22, 1865, two hundred and forty-five years after the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, was a most impressive ceremony. By an order of the War Department the volunteer regiments and batteries, when mustered out, deposited their colours with Colonel Francis N. Clarke, U.S.A., who was chief mustering officer. Major General Darius N. Couch was the commanding General, with his headquarters on Boston Common, and the flags were turned over to him by Colonel Clarke. The colour bearers left their regiments and batteries as they marched past the State House, and grouped themselves on the steps near Governor Andrew, the “War Governor” of

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Massachusetts. The Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop offered the prayer. The Governor then received the colours, which were placed in Doric Hall, and in 1900 removed to their present positions in Memorial Hall. There are now in the collection 305 flags of the Civil War, not counting the twenty-one flags of the volunteer regiments and Naval Brigade of Massachusetts which had been carried in the Spanish



"The Return of the Battle Flags," from a painting by Edward Simmons, made from a Copley Print. The painting is on the north side of the Hall of Flags in the State House. Copyright by Edward Simmons; from a Copley Print, copyright by Curtis & Cameron, and printed by their kind permission.

War and which are in a case by themselves near the Hall. The late Governor Guild always took a great interest in Memorial Hall, which he always referred to, and which is often known, as the Hall of Flags. It was quite in keeping that he should be the first Governor to lie in state here. The histories of the flags, if they could have been told by their standard bearers, would be of great interest, and would occupy many volumes. There are no captured flags in the State House.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL WALKING-MATCH

OF FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

THE origin of this highly exciting and important event cannot be better stated than in the articles of agreement subscribed by the parties.

THE ARTICLES

Articles of Agreement entered into at Baltimore, in the United States of America, this Third day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, between GEORGE DOLEV, British Subject, *alias* the Man of Ross, and JAMES RIPLEY OSOOD, American Citizen, *alias* the Boston Bantam.

Whereas, some Bounce having arisen between the above men in reference to feats of pedestrianism and agility, they have agreed to settle their differences and prove who is the better man, by means of a walking-match for two hats a side and the glory of their respective countries; and whereas they agree that the said match shall come off, whatsoever the weather, on the Mill Dam road outside Boston on Saturday, the Twenty-ninth day of this present month; and whereas they agree that the personal attendants on themselves during the whole walk, and also the umpires and starters and declainers of victory in the match shall be JAMES T. FIELDS of Boston, known in sporting circles as Massachusetts Jemmy, and CHARLES DICKENS of Falsstaff's Gad's Hill, whose surprising performances (without the least variation) on that truly national instrument, the American Catarrh, have won for him the well-merited title of The Gad's Hill Gasper.

Now, these are to be the articles of the match:

1. The men are to be started, on the day appointed, by Massachusetts Jemmy and The Gasper.
2. Jemmy and The Gasper are, on some previous day, to walk out at the rate of not less than four miles an hour by the Gasper's watch, for one hour and a half. At the expiration of that one hour and a half, they are to carefully note the place at which they halt. On the match's coming off, they are to station themselves in the middle of the road, at that precise point, and the men (keeping clear of them and of each other) are to turn round them, right shoulder inward, and walk back to the starting-point. The man declared by them to pass the starting-point first is to be the victor and the winner of the match.
3. No jostling or fouling allowed.
4. All cautions or orders issued to the men by the umpires, starters, and declainers of victory, to be considered final and admitting of no appeal.

5. A sporting narrative of the match to be written by The Gasper within one week after its coming off, and the same to be duly printed (at the expense of the subscribers to these articles) on a broadside. The said broadside to be framed and glazed, and one copy of the same to be carefully preserved by each of the subscribers to these articles.

6. The men to show on the evening of the day of walking, at six o'clock precisely, at the Parker House, Boston, when and where a dinner will be given them by The Gasper. The Gasper to occupy the chair, faced by Massachusetts Jemmy. The latter promptly and formally to invite, as soon as may be after the date of these presents, the following Guests to honor the said dinner with their presence: that is to say:—Missess Annie Fields, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton and Mrs. Norton, Professor James Russell Lowell and Mrs. Lowell and Miss Lowell, Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. Howard Malcom Ticknor and Mrs. Ticknor, Mr. Aldrich and Mrs. Aldrich, Mr. Schlesinger, and an obscure poet named Longfellow (if discoverable) and Miss Longfellow.

Now, Lastly. In token of their accepting the trusts and offices by these articles conferred upon them, these articles are solemnly and formally signed by Massachusetts Jemmy and by the Gad's Hill Gasper, as well as by the men themselves.

Signed by the Man of Ross, otherwise

Signed by the Boston Bantam, otherwise

Signed by Massachusetts Jemmy, otherwise

Signed by The Gad's Hill Gasper, otherwise

Witness to the signatures.



James T. Fields
James Russell Lowell
Charles Eliot Norton
Oliver Wendell Holmes
Howard Malcom Ticknor
Missess Annie Fields
Dr. Charles Eliot Norton
Prof. James Russell Lowell
Mrs. Lowell
Miss Lowell
Mr. Aldrich
Mrs. Aldrich
Mr. Schlesinger
Miss Longfellow
James T. Fields
Charles Dickens
George Dolev
James Ripley Osood

THE SPORTING NARRATIVE.

THE MEN.

The Boston Bantam (*alias* Bright Chanticleer) is a young bird, though too old to be caught with chaff. He comes of a thorough game breed and has a clear though modest crow. He pulls down the scale at ten stone and a half and add a pound or two. His previous performances in the Pedestrian line have not been numerous. He once achieved a neat little match against time in two left bouts at Philadelphia; but this must be considered as a pedestrian eccentricity, and cannot be accepted by the rigid chronicler as high art. The old mower with the scythe and hour-glass has not yet laid his mawley heavily on the Bantam's frontispiece, but he has had a grip at the Bantam's top feathers, and in plucking out a handful was very near making him like the great Napoleon Bonaparte (with the exception of the victualling-department), when the ancient one found himself too much occupied to carry out the idea, and gave it up. The Man of Ross (*alias* old Alick Pope, *alias* Allourpraisewhyshyshoulders, &c.) is a thought and a half too fleshy, and, if he accidentally sat down upon his baby, would do it to the tune of fourteen stone. This popular Codger is of the rubicund and jovial sort, and has long been known as a piscatorial pedestrian on the banks of the Wye. But Izak Walton had n't Pace,—look at his book and you'll find it slow,—and when that article comes in question, the fishing-rod may prove to some of his disciples a rod in pickle. Howbeit, the Man of Ross is a Lively Ambler and has a smart stride of his own.

THE TRAINING.

If Brandy Cocktails could have brought both men up to the post in tip-top feather, their condition would have left nothing to be desired. But both might have had more daily practice in the poetry of mutton. Their breathings were confined to an occasional Baltimore burst under the guidance of the Gasper, and to an amicable toddle between themselves at Washington.

THE COURSE.

Six miles and a half, good measure, from the first tree on the Mill Dam road, lies the little village (with no refreshments in it but five oranges and a bottle of blacking) of Newton Centre. Here, Massachusetts Jenny and the Gasper had established the turning-point. The road comprehended every variety of inconvenience to test the mettle of the men, and nearly the whole of it was covered with snow.

THE START

was effected beautifully. The men, taking their stand in exact line at the starting-post, the first tree aforesaid, received from The Gasper the warning, "Are you ready?" and then the signal, "One, two, three. Go!" They got away exactly together, and at a spinning speed, waited on by Massachusetts Jenny and The Gasper.

THE RACE.

In the teeth of an intensely cold and bitter wind before which the snow flew fast and furious across the road from right to left, The Bantam slightly led. But The Man responded to the challenge and soon breastst him. For the first three miles, each led by a yard or so alternately; but the walking was very even. On four miles being called by The Gasper, the men were side by side; and then ensued one of the best periods of the race, the same splitting pace being held by both, through a heavy snow-wreath and up a dragging hill. At this point it was anybody's game, a dollar on Rossius and two half-dollars on the member of the feathery tribe. When five miles were called, the men were still shoulder to shoulder. At about six miles, the Gasper put on a tremendous spurt to leave the men behind and establish himself at the turning-point at the entrance of the village. He afterwards declared that he received a mental knock-downer, on taking his station and facing about, to find Bright Chanticleer close in upon him, and Rossius steaming up like a Locomotive. The Bantam rounded first; Rossius rounded wide; and from that moment the Bantam steadily shot ahead. Though both were breathed at the turn, the Bantam quickly got his bellows into obedient condition, and blew away like an orderly Blacksmith in full work. The forcing-pumps of Rossius likewise proved themselves tough and true, and warranted first-rate, but he fell off in pace; whereas the Bantam pugged away with his little drum-sticks, as if he saw his wives and a peck of barley waiting for him at the family perch. Continually gaining upon him of Ross, Chanticleer gradually drew ahead within a very few yards of half a mile, finally doing the whole distance in two hours and forty-eight minutes. Ross had ceased to compete, three miles short of the winning-post, but bravely walked it out, and came in seven minutes later.

REMARKS.

The difficulties under which this plucky match was walked can only be appreciated by those who were on the ground. To the excessive rigour of the icy blast, and the depth and state of the snow, must be added the constant scattering of the latter into the air and into the eyes of the men, while heads of hair, beards, eyelashes, and eyebrows, were frozen into icicles. To breathe at all, in such a rarefied and disturbed atmosphere, was not easy; but to breathe up to the required mark was genuine, slogging, ding-dong, hard labor. That both competitors were game to the backbone, doing what they did under such conditions, was evident to all; but, to his gameness, the courageous Bantam added unexpected endurance, and (like the sailor's watch that did three hours to the cathedral clock's one) unexpected powers of going when wound up. The knowing eye could not fail to detect considerable disparity between the lads; Chanticleer being, as Mrs. Cratchit said of Tiny Tim, "very light to carry," and Rossius promising fair to attain the rotundity of the Anonymous Cove in the epigram:

"And when he walks the streets the pavours cry,
'God bless you, girl' and lay their runners by."

Articles of agreement drawn by Dickens for the International Walking Match, signed by Dolby, Osgood, Fields, and Dickens.

DICKENS' INTERNATIONAL WALKING MATCH

When Charles Dickens was in Boston on his second visit in 1868 he and three of his friends got up a walking match about which few people know. Dickens had not been sleeping well, and so George Dolby, an Englishman, who was planning Dickens' lecture tour, and James R. Osgood, who was his travelling companion while in America, determined to amuse the distinguished writer by arranging this international contest. Dickens and James T. Fields were the umpires, and one of the conditions of the contest was that these two should start from the first tree on the Mill Dam Road and walk towards Newton Centre for an hour and a half, and later when the real match took place it was agreed that Dickens should stand at this point in the middle of the road and act as the turning mark for the two contestants. "Boz" paced the course at such a clip that Fields became exhausted and had to sit down on a doorstep in Newton Centre and eat oranges, which Dickens said was the only kind of refreshment except a bottle of blacking that could then be purchased in that village. Dickens drew up the articles of agreement, which were signed by Dolby, Osgood, Fields and himself. The match was for "two hats and the glory of their respective countries."

The "Sporting Narrative," also written by him, gives an account of the match and describes how Osgood, the Boston Bantam, won a decisive victory over Dolby, the Englishman, after walking over the thirteen mile course on a cold, snowy day in February. Dickens describes his countryman as "a thought and a half too fleshy and if he accidentally sat down upon his baby, would do it to the tune of fourteen stone." Dickens further added that "the Bantam showed unexpected endurance and (like the sailor's watch that did three hours to the Cathedral clock's one) unexpected powers of going when wound up." Dolby attributed his defeat to the fact that Mrs. Fields followed his rival the last part of the way and "supplied him continuously with bread soaked in brandy." The time of the match was two hours and forty-eight minutes. Dickens gave a dinner that night at the Parker House, which was a very jolly occasion, and some of the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. and Mrs. James Russell Lowell, Dr. and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich, "an obscure poet, named Longfellow," as Dickens expressed it, and others. Bostonians loved Charles Dickens, who in return always referred to Boston as "his American home."

During this visit he gave his readings in Tremont Temple. The sale of tickets took place at the store of Ticknor & Fields, 12 Tremont Street, and lasted eleven hours, some \$2 admissions selling as high as \$26. Throughout the night there was a line along Tremont Street for half a mile, some of the eager buyers bringing mattresses, food and drinks. In New York his readings were fully as popular. It was noticed that the people at the head of the ticket line wore caps and were quickly spotted as speculators. A rule was therefore passed at once that no tickets should be sold to any buyer with a cap. Hats were procured at large prices from onlookers, and the front row seat tickets all turned up as usual in the hands of speculators.

SOME INTERESTING BOSTON EVENTS

Dickens' first visit to America was in 1842. At this time the Bostonian's idea of hospitality consisted of an invitation to occupy a place in the family pew at church, and Dickens said that he was offered as many sittings as would have accommodated many large families. There is even a story, not credited to Dickens, of a Bostonian who had been entertained very cordially in Europe; his former hostess came to Boston and received from her former guest an invitation to call at his house *after* tea and then go to church! Boston has long since lived down the reputation she used to have of being cold to strangers. Dickens came over in the *Britannia* on his first trip, and in the *Cuba* the last time.

The following bright verses were written and sung by Joseph M. Field at a dinner given to Dickens in Boston on February 1, 1842:—

THE VERY LAST OBSERVATIONS OF WELLER, SENIOR

Remember wot I says, Boz,
You're goin' to cross the Sea;
A blessed vay avays, 'oz,
To wild Amerikey;
A blessed set of savages,
As books of travels tells;
No Guv'nor's eye to watch you, Boz,
Nor even Samivel's.

They've 'stablish'd a steam line, Boz,
A wi'lent innowation!
It's nothing but a trap, to 'tice
Our floatin' population;
A set of blessed cannibals—
My warnin' I repeats:—
For ev'ry vun they catches, Boz,
Without ado they eats!

They'll eat you, Boz, in Boston! and
They'll eat you in New-York:
Wherever caught, they'll play a bles-
-sed game of knife and fork!
There's prayers in Boston, now, that Cu-
-nard's biler may not burst;
Because their savage hope it is,
Dear Boz, to eat you first!

They lately caught a Prince, Boz,
A livin' vun, from France;
And all the blessed nation, Boz,
Assembles for a dance!
They spares him thro' the ev'nin', Boz,
But with a hungry stare;
Contrives a early supper, tho',
And then they eats him there!

Lord how they gobbled "Pickwick"—fate
Which "Oliver" befel:
And watering mouths met "Nic," and "Smike,"
And watering eyes as well;

SOME INTERESTING BOSTON EVENTS

Poor "Nell" was not too tender, Boz,
Nor ugly "Quilp" too tough;
And "Barnaby"—and blest if e'er
I thinks they'll have enough!

I'll tell you wot you does, Boz,
Since go it seems you vill;
If you vould not expose, Boz,
Yourself their maws to fill;
Just "Marryatt," or "Trollope," Boz,
Within your pockets hem;
For blow me if I ever thinks
They'll ever *swallow* them!

FIRST TELEPHONE MESSAGE IN BOSTON

"Mr. Watson, please come here, I want you," were the first words sent over a telephone. Professor Alexander Graham Bell made this remark to Thomas A. Watson at No. 5 Exeter Place, Boston, on that memorable day, March 10, 1876. Had he realized that this sentence would be handed down to the world he would undoubtedly have thought out a message as fitting as were the first words that were sent over the Morse Telegraph, which were, "What has God wrought?"

The details leading up to this event are most interesting. Professor Bell was a teacher of deaf mutes at Boston University, and was special instructor of the deaf grandson of Mrs. George Sanders of Salem at whose house he resided for several years, during which time he did much experimenting. The house stood on the site of the present Y. M. C. A. building. At this time he was interested in the "harmonic telegraph," and he asked Thomas A. Watson to help him make certain parts of the mechanism. Mr. Watson was an electrician in Charles Williams' workshop at 109 Court Street, Boston, and received a splendid training under him. Watson said that most of the inventors had an "angel" whom they hypnotized into paying their bills. One of the experiments at this shop was with a new electric engine, and it was arranged that nitric acid was to be poured into the iron tanks to generate the electric current. The acid was poured in, and the inventor, "angel" and workman had a race to see who could get out of the shop first. Mr. Watson frankly admits that he won, as he was "first away."

The "harmonic telegraph" was not a success; had it been, the telephone might not have been invented for some years. It was while working on the telegraph that Professor Bell conceived the idea of the telephone, and he and Watson at once set to work on this invention. A wire connecting two rooms was set up in the upper story of Williams' office, which was still at 109 Court Street. While experimenting, Bell, who was at one end of the wire, suddenly shouted out to his fellow worker at the other end of the line, "Don't change anything." He had heard the first sound ever transmitted by telephone. This was on June 2, 1875. The faint sound that Bell had heard meant that the speaking telephone was at that moment born.

SOME INTERESTING BOSTON EVENTS

Mr. Watson was present when the picture shown below was taken, and he very kindly explained where he and Professor Bell stood when the first sound was heard. These two inventors then ran a wire down two flights of stairs in their building, and this was "the first telephone line" ever put up. The building where these tests were made is still standing, the lower floor being occupied by a theatre. Then followed on March 10 of the following year the first sentence ever spoken over a telephone, which we have described. Bell's telephone was exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876. Progress was rapid, and on October 9, 1876, Mr. Watson wrote that "we are ready to take the



Attic of Williams' workshop where the first sound was heard over a telephone. Professor Bell stood on one side of the post, and Professor Watson on the other side, each being in a small room at the time.

baby out doors for the first time." The private wire of the Walworth Manufacturing Company running between Boston and Cambridge was loaned for this test. Bell's voice came across the wire, "Ahoy, Ahoy!" and the first "long distance" connection began. The word "Ahoy" has now given place to "Hello." The whole conversation appeared in the *Advertiser* the next morning, and the report made a tremendous sensation. Bell and Watson danced a war dance at their rooms at 5 Exeter Place, and their landlady, who did not appreciate their new discovery, ordered them to leave if they ever again made such a noise. Watson's old teacher, Moses G. Farmer, called on them within a few days and declared he ought to have made the discovery, and added that "if Bell had known anything about electricity he would never have invented the telephone."

SOME INTERESTING BOSTON EVENTS

The first permanent telephone line was installed between Mr. Williams' office on Court Street and his house in Somerville. The first newspaper report transmitted by telephone was sent by Henry M. Batchelder in Salem to the *Boston Globe* on February 12, 1877. Gardiner G. Hubbard, Professor Bell's father-in-law, and Thomas Sanders, Treasurer of the Company, were staunch backers of the



The first telephone message was heard in the upper story of this building, now occupied by the New Palace Theatre, 109 Court Street.

enterprise. Hubbard offered the Bell patents to the Western Union Telegraph Company. The offer was rejected, and two years later these same patents were worth \$25,000,000. Professor Bell began to lecture in 1877, his first appearance being at the Essex Institute in Salem. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry W. Longfellow were among those who signed a request for lectures in Boston. Bell lectured while Watson on the other end of the wire talked, sang and shouted. Mr. Watson said that never before had such poor singing been received with such tremendous applause. On one occasion Watson at Middle-

SOME INTERESTING BOSTON EVENTS

town, Conn., talked at the same time to New Haven and Hartford, but the songs didn't come in at the right time during the lecture. These demonstrations stirred up a great demand for telephones, and the public was ready for the telephone long before the inventors were ready for the public.

The automatic switch, the switchboard, and the Blake transmitter, invented by Francis Blake, did a great deal to perfect the telephone. Mr. Watson mentions his excitement when the company hired its first book-keeper, Robert W. Devonshire, then Thomas D. Lockwood as lawyer, and George W. Pierce as Watson's private clerk, who remained in the employ of the company until January 1, 1914, when he was retired. Mr. Devonshire is now Vice-President, and Mr. Lockwood Patent Attorney, of the Company. Mr. Watson writes that "David had hit Goliath squarely in the forehead with a rock labelled Patent No. 174,465," winning a decision over the Western Union Telegraph.

Mr. Theodore N. Vail, President of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, in his 1914 report mentions that when Professor Bell and Mr. Watson talked between New York and San Francisco they could hear each other more clearly than when they held their first conversation in two rooms of the same building, the old telephone instruments being used for the later test. The Boston-San Francisco line of 3,505 miles was opened on January 25, 1915. The Bell System in the United States has 8,648,993 stations, a wire mileage of 17,475,594 miles, and an average of 27,848,000 calls per day. The gross revenue for 1914 was \$226,000,000.

President Vail in his report says that "it is a long step from a hardly intelligible telephonic conversation between two rooms to a perfectly easy, low voiced conversation between the extremes of our land, East, West, North and South."

[Over]

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AMONG the authorities consulted in the preparation of this brochure, and to whom the author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness, are the following:

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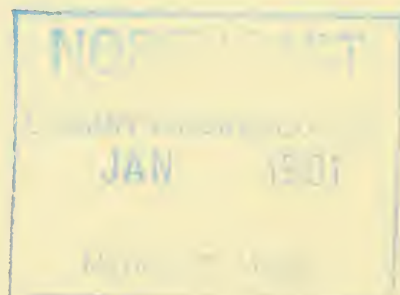
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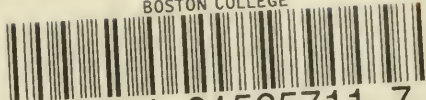
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